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SONGS THE CHILDREN LOVE TO SING

A collection of more than three hundred
songs for mothers and for children of all ages

— INCLUDING —

Game Songs
Flower Songs
Work Songs
Nature Songs
Home Songs
Play Songs

Songs of the Animals
Songs of the Months
Songs of the Seasons
Songs for Little Girls
Songs for Little Boys
Nursery Rhymes and Songs
Songs of Our Country

8457.165
Sacred Songs.
Hymns.
Bird Songs.
Folk Songs.
Lullabies.
Christmas Songs.

Arranged for singing or playing

by

ALBERT E. WIER

Editor of "The Ideal Home Music Library"

PUBLIC LIBRARY



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A

To Mothers and Big Sisters

WE have endeavored to make "Songs the Children Love to Sing" a complete book of recreation songs in the fullest sense of the word, by including ditties of all kinds and for all ages. There are altogether more than three hundred songs of nineteen different varieties, and under each class will be found a gradation of difficulty which will render it easy to select songs for children of any particular age or accomplishment.

The piano arrangement carries the melody in the right hand—so that the child can readily hear it—and the accompaniment in the left hand, with the words between the two staves. Accordingly the songs can be sung or played at will.

THE EDITOR

NOTED NOV 10

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SONG GAMES FOR CHILDREN

Singing games for children are something which they will heartily enjoy if played with vim and spirit. They are also without doubt the healthiest and most elevating amusement which can be provided by mothers big and little for the little ones, indoors or out. All the universally popular and familiar singing games are included in this section of "Songs the Children Love to Sing," with general instructions as to the ways of playing them. Some of these games, however, are played in different ways in various sections of the country, therefore the instructions in this book are subject to change at will.

The Mulberry Bush

Quickly

mf

1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush,
 2. This is the way we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes,

Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, so ear - ly in the morn - ing
 This is the way we wash our clothes, so ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing

3. This is the way we iron our clothes, &c.
 So early Tuesday morning.

4. This is the way we scrub the floor, &c.
 So early Wednesday morning.

5. This is the way we mend our clothes, &c.
 So early Thursday morning.

6. This is the way we sweep the house, &c.
 So early Friday morning.

7. This is the way we bake our bread, &c.
 So early Saturday morning.

8. This is the way we go to church, &c.
 So early Sunday morning.

The game consists in simply suiting the actions to the words of each verse of the song. It is especially attractive for little girls.

Ten Little Indians

Not too fast

mf *cresc.*

1. One little, two little, three little In-dians, Four little, five little, six little In-dians,
2. Ten little, nine little, eight little In-dians, Seven little, six little, five little In-dians,

f *dim.*

Seven little, eight lit-tle, nine lit-tle In-dians, Ten lit-tle In-dian boys.
Four lit-tle, three lit-tle, two lit-tle In-dians, One lit-tle In-dian boy.

While singing the first verse, the children appear suddenly one by one, hopping Indian fashion. In the second verse they disappear one by one in the same way.

The Farmer In The Dell

Lively

mf

1. The farm-er in the dell, The farm-er in the dell,

f *dim.*

Heigh oh the der-ry oh, The farm-er in the dell.

2. The farmer takes a wife, etc.
3. The wife takes the child, etc.
4. The child takes the nurse, etc.
5. The nurse takes the dog, etc.

6. The dog takes the cat, etc.
7. The cat takes the rat, etc.
8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.
9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

A child, representing the farmer stands in the center of a circle of children, and chooses another child, "the wife" at the end of the second verse; this one chooses another, "the child," and so on until "the cheese" is selected, after which the game begins over again.

I'll Give To You A Paper Of Pins

11

Not too fast

mf

Boy 1. I'll give to you a pa - per of pins, For that's the way that
 Girl 2. I'll not ac - cept your pa - per of pins, If that's the way that

love be - gins, If you will mar - ry me, me, me, If you will mar - ry me. —
 love be - gins, And I'll not mar - ry you, you, you, And I'll not mar - ry you. —

Boy

3. I'll give to you a nice easy chair,
 To sit and comb your golden hair
 If you will marry me, me, me,
 If you will marry me.
5. I'll give to you a bright silver spoon,
 To feed your babe this afternoon
 If you will marry me, me, me,
 If you will marry me.
7. I'll give to you a fine dress of green,
 To make you look like a real queen,
 If you will marry me, me, me,
 If you will marry me.
9. I'll give to you the key of my chest,
 So you'll have gold at your request,
 If you will marry me, me, me,
 If you will marry me.
11. I'll give to you the key to my heart,
 That we may love and never part,
 If you will marry me, me, me,
 If you will marry me.

Girl

4. I'll not accept your nice easy chair,
 To sit and comb my golden hair,
 And I'll not marry you, you, you,
 And I'll not marry you.
6. I'll not accept your bright silver spoon,
 To feed my babe this afternoon,
 And I'll not marry you, you, you,
 And I'll not marry you.
8. I'll not accept your fine dress of green,
 To make me look like a real queen,
 And I'll not marry you, you, you,
 And I'll not marry you.
10. I'll not accept the key of your heart,
 That I'll have gold at my request,
 And I'll not marry you, you, you,
 And I'll not marry you.
12. Yes, I'll accept the key to your heart,
 That we may love and never part,
 And I will marry you, you, you,
 And I will marry you.

Verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 are sung by a boy, and verses 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 by a little girl. The verses may be repeated by different children until all have taken part.

Girls And Boys Come Out To Play

Quickly

f

1. Girls and boys come out to play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;
 2. Leave your supper and leave your sleep, And come to your play fel-lows in the street;

f

Come with a whoop and comewith a call, And comewith a goodwill or not at all.
 Up the lad-der and down the wall, A pen - ny loaf will serve you all.

This is a kind of "free-for-all" game in which the children join hands in a circle to frolic and dance to their heart's content.

The Farmer

Waltz

mf

1. Shall I show you how the farm-er, shall I show you how the farm - er, Shall I
 2. Look, 'tis thus, thus that the farm-er, look, 'tis thus, thus that the farm - er, Look, 'tis

show you how the farm - er sows his bar - ley and wheat?
 thus, thus that the farm - er sows his bar - ley and wheat.

3. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
 Reaps his barley and wheat.

5. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
 Threshes barley and wheat.

4. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
 Reaps his barley and wheat.

6. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
 Threshes barley and wheat.

The game consists in the children imitating the motions of the farmer sowing, reaping and threshing wheat.

Lazy Mary, Will You Get Up?

Lively

1. La - zy Ma - ry, will you get up, Will you get up, will you get up,
 2. No, no, moth - er, I won't get up, I won't get up, I won't get up,

La - zy Ma - ry, will you get up, Will you get up to - day? —
 No, no, moth - er, I won't get up, I won't get up to - day? —

All the children sing the first verse, while dancing around the child chosen to be "Lazy Mary." Then they all sing the second verse together.

Itiskit, Itasket

Not too fast

1. I - tis - kit, I - tas - ket, Green and yel - low bas - ket, I
 wrote a let - ter to my love, And on the way I dropped it, I
 dropped it, I dropped it, And on the way I dropped it.

A game similar in action to "drop the handkerchief." When the words are sung "I lost it" a letter or handkerchief is dropped behind some child by another who runs around the circle of players. This child picks it up and drops it behind some other child, and this keeps up until every child has had the handkerchief or letter.

Ring Around A Rosy

Quickly

mf

1. Ring a - round a ro - sy, Sit up - on a po - sy,

All the girls in our town vote for Un - ele Jo - sy.

All the players dance around in a ring, and fall down at the last words.

London Bridge

Not too fast

mf

1. Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
2. Build it up with i - ron bars, i - ron bars, i - ron bars,

Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, My fair la - dy.
Build it up with i - ron bars, My fair la - dy.

3. Iron bars will bend and break,
Bend and break, bend and break.
Iron bars will bend and break.
My fair lady.

4. Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold.
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady.

The children pass under a bridge formed by two other children raising their arms to form an arch. These two children have previously secretly decided which one represents "gold" and which one "silver." At the words "My fair lady," the bridge falls—that is the children imitating it, drop their hands—and the child who is caught is asked which it prefers, "gold or silver." This child then takes its place behind the one who represents his choice and the game continues until all have chosen. Then a tug-of-war between "gold and silver" ends the game.

Uncle John Is Very Sick

15

Not very fast

mf

1. Un - ele John is ve - ry siek, what — shall we send — him?
2. Har - ry ———, so they say, goes a - court - ing night and day,

cresc *dim.*

Three good wish-es, three good kis-ses, and a slice of gin - ger. What — shall we
Sword and pis - tol by his side, and Su - sie — to be his bride Take her by the

cresc

send it in? In a piece of pa - per, Pa - per in not good e-nough, but
lily white hand, Lead her o'er the wa - ter, Here's a kiss and there's a kiss for

mf *cresc*

in a gol - den sau - cer. Who shall we send it by? By the Gov' - nor's
Mis - ter ——— daugh - ter. Who shall — be his bride, Mis - ter ———

daugh - ter, Take her by the lily white hand, And lead her o'er the wa - ter.
daugh - ter, Take her by the lily white hand, And lead her o'er the wa - ter.

The players circle round and suddenly squat down at the words "Governor's daughter." The last to stoop chooses the boy-or-the girl-who is his or her favorite, and the second verse is sung with their names inserted at the proper places.

When I Was A Lady

Waltz time

mf

1. When I was a la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy, And when I was a

mf

la - dy, a la - dy was I, And this way, and that way, And

cresc.

this way, and that way, And when I was a la - dy, a la - dy was I.

2. When I was a young girl, etc., etc.

4. When I was a young man, etc., etc.

3. When I was a dancer, etc., etc.

5. When I was a soldier, etc., etc.

This is another motion game. A leader is chosen for the first verse, and she imitates the actions of a lady by making a curtsy and kissing her hands, first right and then left. A different child is chosen to represent the character in each of the verses and the other children imitate whatever motions they make.

Soldier Boy

Lively

f

1. Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, where are you go - ing, Wav - ing so

proud - ly the Red, White and Blue? I'm go - ing to my coun - try where
du - ty is call - ing, If you'll be a sol-dier boy, you may come too.

The game consists in forming two lines of children, one of which marches around the other while those who are not marching sing the verse as far as the words "Red, White and Blue." The line of marching children sings the rest of the verse and at the words "You may come too" both lines form into one and march together, singing the entire song again.

We'll All Go A - Singing

With Spirit

mf 1st Child 2nd Child

1. I will sing the first part; I'll be num - ber two;
2. I will be a ba - ker, I will sell the meat;

3rd Child *cresc.* 4th Child *dim.* *f* All

I will take the third; And the fourth I'll try to do. And we'll
I will be a tai - lor And I will clothe your feet. And we'll

all go a - sing - ing, a - sing - ing.
all go a - trad - ing, a - trad - ing.

3. I will be a farmer, I will fight the foe;
I will be a lawyer, and I to sea will go,
And we'll all do our duty, our duty!

Four children can take the singing parts in this game. As they sing the different lines, they imitate the actions of a "baker" etc. All the children join in the chorus.

Round And Round The Village

Lively

mf

1. Round and round the vil - lage, Round and round the vil - lage,
2. In and out the win - dows, In and out the win - dows,

cresc.

dim.

Round and round the vil - lage, As we have done be - fore.
In and out the win - dows, As we have done be - fore.

3. Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover,
As we have done before.

4. Kiss her 'fore you leave her,
Kiss her 'fore you leave her,
Kiss her 'fore you leave her,
As we have done before.

The children form a ring with one player on the outside, who runs around it while they are singing. During the second verse they raise their arms and let her in the center, and she runs in and out between the children, trying to complete the circle before the verse ends. In the third verse, she chooses her lover and they stand facing each other until the fourth verse when they exchange a kiss. Then the game begins all over again with the first child back in the circle and the one who was chosen as the lover on the outside.

Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?

Lively

mf Girl

Boy

1. Sol-dier, sol-dier, will you mar-ry me, With your knap-sack, fife and drum? "Oh

how can I mar-ry such a pret-ty maid as thee, When I've got no coat to put on?"

CHORUS

Then she ran a-way to the tai-lor's shop, As fast as she could run, And she

bought him a coat of the ve-ry, ve-ry best, And the sol-dier put it on.

2. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc. When I have no shoes to put on.
Then she ran away to the shoemaker's shop, etc.
4. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc. When I have no gloves to put on.
So she ran away to a glove-maker's shop, etc.
3. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc. When I have no hat to put on.
Then she ran away to the hatter's shop, etc.
5. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc. "Oh, how can I marry such a pretty maid as thee,
When I've got a good wife at home?"

Two children are selected to play the parts. The little girl sings the first half of the verse and the little boy the second half. When he says he has no coat to put on, she borrows one from some other one of the children and so on for each verse. The last verse, which is sung by the soldier alone, always creates great merriment.

Jenny Jones

Lively

mf

1. We've come to see Miss Jen-ny Jones, Miss Jen-ny Jones, Miss Jen-ny Jones, We've
Miss Jen-nie is a wash-ing, a wash-ing, a wash-ing, Miss

come to see Miss Jen-ny Jones, And how is she to-day?
Jen-nie is a wash-ing, You can't see her to-day.

CHORUS

Two systems of musical notation for piano and voice. The first system has four measures with the lyrics: "We're right glad to hear it, to hear it, to hear it,". The second system has four measures with the lyrics: "We're right glad to hear it, And how is she to day?". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

2. We've come to see, etc.
Miss Jenny is a-starching, etc.
Chorus

3. We've come to see, etc.
Miss Jenny is a-ironing, etc.
Chorus

4. We've come to see, etc.
Miss Jenny is a-sweeping, etc.
Chorus

5. We've come to see, etc.
Miss Jenny is a-sick-a-bed, etc.
Chorus

6. We've come to see, etc.
Miss Jenny is a-dying, etc.
Chorus

7. We've come to see, etc.
Miss Jenny is a-dead, etc.
Chorus

On child represents Miss Jennie Jones and another child her mother. The players dance in a circle around them singing the verse "We've Come to See Miss Jenny Jones" and the two children in the center sing the answer "Miss Jenny is a-washing" etc. When the mother says "Jenny is dead," the children run away in all directions crying. The first one she catches takes her place in the center of the circle and the game begins over again.

Oats, Peas, Beans And Barley Grow

Quickly

Two systems of musical notation for piano and voice. The first system has two lines of lyrics: "1. Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, Can you or I or" and "2. Thus the farm-er sows his seed, Thus he stands and takes his ease, Stamps his foot and". The second system has two lines of lyrics: "an - y one know, How oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grow. Wait - ing for a part - ner," and "clasp his hands, And turns a - round and views the land. Tra, la, la, la, la, la,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

Wait-ing for a part-ner, O-pen the ring and choose one in while we all gai-ly dance and sing.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Now you're married you must obey, you must be true to all you say,
You must be kind, you must be good, and keep your wife in kindlingwood.

The children form a ring and circle around a child representing the farmer in the center. After the first four lines are sung, they imitate the farmer's motions in sowing, etc. Then they clasp hands again. The child representing the farmer chooses a partner and they both kneel during the second verse. Then the first child joins the ring of children and the child he chose takes his place as the farmer.

Looby Loo

Lively

mf CHORUS

1. Now we dance loo-by, loo-by, loo-by, Now we dance loo-by, loo-by, loo. Now we dance

2. *Fine f*

loo.—

Put your right hand in,
Put your left hand in,

Put your right hand out. Then
Put your left hand out. Then

D.C. to Fine

give your right hand a shake, And turn your-self a-bout.
give your left hand a shake, And turn your-self a-bout.

This is a game of English origin and is played in many different ways. It is really a kind of gymnastic game, and in place of the instructions "Put your right hand in" there can be added the right foot, the left foot, the head, etc. While singing the song the children join hands in a circle, doing the action indicated and swaying from side to side during the chorus, which in this instance begins and ends the song.

weep - ing — for — a young man Rise, Sal - ly rise,

wipe off your eyes, Fly to the East, fly to the

West, Fly to the ve - ry one that you love best.

The children form a ring, with the child representing "Sally Waters" in the center. She kneels or sits on the ground, with her face in her hands as if weeping. The ring of children dance round singing the verse, and at the words "Rise, Sally Rise," she rises and chooses another from the ring who goes into the center with her. She then joins the ring and the other child takes her place. The game continues until each child has taken the part of Sally Waters.

The King Of France

March time

1. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, March'd up the hill and then march'd down again.
2. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, — Gave sa-lute and then march'd down again.

Two rows of children are formed, each with a leader and each facing the other. Each leader advances several steps singing and suiting their gestures to the words of the song. Then the two rows march toward each other, singing and imitating their leaders.

SONGS OF HOME

Every child should learn to sing the "Home Songs" of his country, for there are none with sweeter melodies or more inspired poems. In most instances, the songs such as "Home, Sweet Home" are presented with the original words, but in others, as in the case with "In the Gloaming," the original words have been altered in order to bring their meaning within the comprehension of children. This is in no sense an innovation, as it has been the custom for many years to have children's versions of well-known songs.

Home, Sweet Home

Not too slowly

Sir HENRY BISHOP

p

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
 2. An ex - ile from home splen - dor daz - zles in vain, Oh,

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no — place like home. A
 give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The

mf *dim.*

charm — from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which.
 birds — sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call, Give me

mf

seek — thro' the world, is ne'er met — with else - where
 them — with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

p Home! home! — sweet, sweet home There's

mf

no — place like home, — there's no — place like home.

dim.

Words Adapted

In The Gloaming

Music by J. L. MOLLOY

Not too slowly

In the gloam - ing lit - tle chil - dren say "good -

night" to moth - er dear, In sweet sim - ple

faith con - fid - ing, Trust - ing Him who's ev - er

p *cresc.* *poco*

near. When the trees are rust - ling — soft - ly

a poco *mf*

And the birds no long - er — sing In - to

slum - ber sink the chil - dren, 'til the bells of

cresc.

morn - ing ring. "Now I lay me down to sleep —

p

— Pray the Lord my soul to keep."

The Old Oaken Bucket

27

Moderato

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

mp

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
 2. The moss-cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For
 3. How soon from the green mos-sy rim to re-ceive it, As

fond rec-ol-lec-tion pre-sents them to view, The or-ward, the mead-ow, the
 of-ten at noon when re-turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
 pois'd on the curb it re-clin'd to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob-let could

deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew. The
 ex-qui-site pleas-ure, The pur-est and sweet-est that na-ture can yield How
 tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. And

mf *cresc.*

wide spread-ing stream, — the mill that stood near it, The
 ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And
 now far re-moved from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The

f

bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell. The
 quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then
 tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell. As

mf

cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
 soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And
 fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

dim.

e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The
 drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well. The
 sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The

rit.

old oak-en buck-et the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-er'd buck-et that hung in the well.

Grandfather's Clock

Moderato

HENRY C. WORK

p

1. My grand - fa - ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the
 2. In watch - ing its pen - du - lum swing to and fro, Man - y hours had he spent while a
 3. My grand - fa - ther said that of those he could hire, Not a ser - vant so faith - ful he

p

floor; — It was tall - er by half than the old man him - self, Though it
 boy; — And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seem'd to know And to
 found; — For it wa - sted no time and had but one de - sire At the

weighed not a pen - ny weight more. — It was bought on the morn of the
share both his grief and his joy. — For it struck twenty-four when he
close of each week to be wound. — And it kept in its place, not a

day that he was born, And was al - ways his treas - ure and pride.
en - ter'd at the door, With a bloom - ing and beau - ti - ful bride. But it
frown up - on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its side.

stopp'd short never to go again When the old man died. Nine - ty

CHORUS

years, with - out slum - ber - ing (tick, tock, tick, tock,) His life - seconds num - ber - ing

(tick, tock, tick, tock,) It stopp'd short never to go again When the old man died.

Sweet Dreamland Faces

Words Adapted

Slow waltz time

W. M. HUTCHINSON

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Slow waltz time'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Sweet dream-land fa - ces, How they come and go, — There in the fire - light flit - ting to and fro, Fa - ces of loved ones, ev' - ry one is there, — Here I can watch them sit - ting in my chair, yes, sit - ting in my lit - tle chair. —' The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Sweet dream-land fa - ces, How they come and go, —

There in the fire - light flit - ting to and fro,

Fa - ces of loved ones, ev' - ry one is there, —

Here I can watch them sit - ting in my chair, yes,

sit - ting in my lit - tle chair. —

What Is Home Without A Mother?

31

Moderato

ALICE HAWTHORNE

mf

1. What is home with - out a moth-er? What are all the joys we
2. Things we prize are first to van- ish; Hearts we love to pass a -
3. Old - er hearts may have their sor-rows. Grievs that quick-ly die a -

mf

meet;
way;
way;
When her lov - ing
And how soon, e'en
But a moth-er
smile no long-er
in our childhood
lost in childhood
Grieets the com-ing, com-ing of our
We be-hold her turn-ing, turn-ing
grievs the heart, the heart from day to

cresc.

dim.

feet!
gray;
day;
The
Her
We
days seem
eyes grow
miss her
long,
dim,
kind,
the
her
her
nights are
step is
will - ing
dear,
slow;
hand,
And
Her
Her

cresc.

mf

time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are
joys of earth are past; And some-times 'ere we
fond and earn - est care, And oh! how dark is

child-hoods' plea-sures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone!
learn to know her She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.
life a - round us! What is home with-out, with-out her there?

Scenes That Are Brightest

Words Adapted

Wm V. WALLACE

Slowly and Simply

mf

Scenes that are bright - est will charm us a - while,

Hearts that are light - est, and eyes that smile. We'll

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

al - ways re - mem - ber friends who up-on us beam, For

scenes that are bright - est will claim us a - while Yes

cresc. *dim.*

hearts that are light - est and eyes that smile.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (C). The tempo/style is 'Slowly and Simply'. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets (marked with a '3' and a slur), sixteenth-note runs (marked with a '6' and a slur), and dynamic markings including *mf* (mezzo-forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The lyrics are: 'Scenes that are bright - est will charm us a - while, Hearts that are light - est, and eyes that smile. We'll al - ways re - mem - ber friends who up-on us beam, For scenes that are bright - est will claim us a - while Yes hearts that are light - est and eyes that smile.'

Auld Lang Syne

33

ROBERT BURNS

Quietly
mf

SCOTCH MELODY

1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got And nev-er brought to
2. We twa ha'e run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the barn, Frae morn-in' sun til

f
mind, Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And
fine; But we've wan-der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin'
dine, But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin'

mf
days o' Lang Syne;
Auld Lang Syne;
Auld Lang Syne;
For Auld Lang

f
Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang Syne, We'll

dim.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For Auld Lang Syne.

When The Swallows Homeward Fly

FRANZ A. J.

Slowly *mf*

1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ro - ses scat-ter'd
 2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the orange

cresc. *dim.*

lie, When from neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the silv'ry night - in
 groves, When the red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to

cresc.

gale, In these words my bleed-ing héart, Would to thee its grief im-
 rest, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief in-

f *mf* *3*

part. When I thus thy im - age lose,
 part. When I thus thy im - age lose,

mf

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.
 Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose. *dim.*

Sing A Song At Twilight

Words Adapted

J. L. MOLLOY

Not too Slowly

Sing a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick'-ring *cresc.*

shad - ows, soft - ly come and go, Whip-por-will's a - sing - ing, *dim.* *mf*

Rob - in's in his nest, May our song at twi - light lull you to *cresc.*

rest, Lull you - to sweet - rest. *dim.* *p*

My Old Kentucky Home

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf**cresc.**dim.*

1. The sunshines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the dark-ies are gay; The
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On meadow, the hill and the shore; They

corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in bloom, While the birds make music all the day. The
 sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The

young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By
 day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow, where all was de-light; The

bye hard times comes a knocking at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part,

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will

cresc. *dim.*

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For my old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

Life Let Us Cherish

Gaily

mf

1. Life let us cher - ish While yet the ta - per glows,

Fine

And the fresh flow - 'ret Pluck ere it elose. —

Why are we fond of toil and eare, Why choose the rank-ling thorn to wear, And
When clouds ob - scure the at - mo-sphere, And fork - ed lightnings rend the air, The

heed - less by the lil - y stray, Which blos - soms on our way? —
sun re-sumes his sil - ver erest, And smiles a - dorn the West. —

D.C. al Fine

Be Kind To The Loved Ones At Home

Andante

I. B. WOODBURY

mf

1. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as
 2. Be kind to thy moth - er, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be
 3. Be kind to thy broth - er, his heart will have death, If the smile of thy joy be with

mf

he? He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue, And
 seen; Oh, well may'st thou cher - ish and com - fort her now, For
 drawn. The flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth 'If the

mf

joined in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for
 lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re - mem - ber thy moth - er, for
 dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth - er, where

cresc. *f*

now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His
 thee she will pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With
 ev - er thou art, The love of a broth - er shall be An

mf

foot-steps are fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.
 ac - cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
 or - na - ment pur - er and rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

In Happy Moments Day by Day

Words Adapted

WM. V. WALLACE

Not too slowly

p

In hap - py moments day by day The sands of life will pass, Each

cresc. *dim.*

bu - sy hour of work and play, In time's un - err - ing glass; Our

cresc. *dim.*

joys and sor - rows we will share As com - rades tried and true, each one, And

p

greet each other with a smile, When work and play a - like are done, And

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

greet each other with a smile — When work and play are done.

Old Folks At Home

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way;
 2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love;

Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.
 Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,
 When I was play-ing wid my brud-der,
 When will I see de bees a-hum-ming,

Sad-ly I roam; Still long-ing for de
 Hap-py was I; Oh, take me to my
 All 'round de comb; When will I hear de

old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
 ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

f

All de world am sad and drear-y; Eb-'ry whar I roam,

Oh! dar-kies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

f

Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?

Andante

p

1. Home, home, can I for-get thee? Dear, dear, dear-ly lov'd home.
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn.

No, no, still I re-gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, once more re-ceive me, Quick-ly to thee I'll re-turn.

cresc. *dim*

f

Home, home, home, home, dear-est and hap-pi-est home.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

HENRY RUSSELL

Slowly and with feeling

mf

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! _____ Touch not a sin - gle
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree! _____ Whose glo - ry and re -
 3. When but an i - dle boy, _____ I sought its grate - ful

bough; In youth it shel - ter'd me, _____ And
 nown; Are spread o'er land and sea, _____ And
 shade; In all their gush - ing joy, _____ Here

I'll pro - tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's
 wouldst thou hack it down? Wood - man, for - bear thy
 too, my sis - ters play'd: My moth - er kiss'd me

dim. *mf*

hand That plac'd it near his cot, There wood - man let it
 stroke! Cut not its earth - bound ties, Oh, spare that a - ged
 here; My fa - ther press'd my hand, For - give this fool - ish

stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
 oak, Now tow - 'ring to the skies.
 tear, But let that old oak stand.

LULLABIES AND CRADLE SONGS

Every nation, even the uncivilized one, has many little cradle songs and lullabies with which its mothers sing their little ones to sleep. The author of the poem and the composer of the "tune" in most instances are unknown, but the sweetness of sentiment and purity of melody combine to infuse in them that Divine spark which will make them live as long as mothers shall lull their children to rest. Although the original texts of many of these songs were in foreign languages, it has seemed best to present only the English versions.

Bed-Time

Not too fast

p *cresc.* *dim.*

1. The eve - ning is com - ing, The sun sinks to rest, The
 2. The flow - ers are clos - ing, The dai - sy's a - sleep, The

cresc. *dim.* *cresc.*

crows are all fly - ing straight home to the nest. "Caw" says the crow as he
 prim - rose is bur - ied in slum - ber so deep, Closed for the night are the

mf *dim.*

flies o - ver - head, "It's time lit - tle peo - ple were go - ing to bed!
 ro - ses so red, "It's time lit - tle peo - ple were go - ing to bed!

3. The butterfly, drowsy,
 Has folded its wing;
 The bees are returning,
 No more the birds sing.

Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed;
 It's time little people were going to bed!

4. Good-night, little people,
 Good-night and good-night;
 Sweet dreams to your eyelids
 Till dawning of light;

The evening has come, there's no more to be said;
 It's time little people were going to bed!

Welsh Lullaby

Words Adapted
Slowly

1. Sleep, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, All through the night,
2. God is here, thou'lt not be lone-ly, All through the night,

Guard-ian an-gels God will lend thee, All through the night;
'Tis not I who guards thee on-ly All through the night;

dim. et rit.

Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slumber steep-ing,
Night's dark shades will soon be o-ver, Still my watch-ful care shall hov-er,

a tempo

Moth-er, dear, her watch is keep-ing, All through the night.
God with me His watch is keep-ing, All through the night.

Scotch Lullaby

Not too slow

1. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a la-dy, both
2. Oh, fear not the bugle, tho' loud-ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers that

cresc.

love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They
guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the

dim. *3* *p*

all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee, } Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, Thy
step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. }

rit et dim.

sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, So bon - nie, so bright.

German Cradle Song

Slowly

p

1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the

p *pp*

dreamland tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee, Sleep, baby, sleep! Sleep, baby, sleep!
lambs, I guess, The gen - tle moon the shep - herdess, Sleep, baby, sleep! Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sweet And Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

SIR JOSEPH BARNEY

Rather slow

p

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; —
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; —

cresc. *dim.*

Low, low, — breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; —
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; —

mf *pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails — all

p *dim.*

moon — and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, —
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon, —

dim. et rit. *pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. —
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep. —

Slumber Song

F. KÜCKEN

Slowly

p

1. All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy
 2. Close each lit - tle lov - ing eye, Let them

sleep se - rene - ly blest! Winds are moan - ing o'er the
 like two rose - lets lie; And when pur - pling morn shall

mf *dim.*

wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child;
 glow, Still as rose - lets fresh ly blow;

mf *dim.*

Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child, } So lul - la - by, sleep
 Still as — rose - lets fresh - ly blow; }

pp

on, my child; May an - gel gleams per - vade — thy dreams!

Rock - A - Bye, Baby

Regular Version

Slowly *p* *cresc.* *dim.*

Rock-a-bye, ba-by } on the tree-top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;
Hush-a-bye, ba-by }

When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, Down will come ba-by, cra-dle and all.

Rock - A - Bye, Baby

English Version

Slowly *p* *cresc.* *dim.*

Rock-a-bye, ba-by } on the tree-top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;
Hush-a-bye, ba-by }

When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, Down comes ba - by, cra-dle and all.

New Version

Rock - A - Bye, Baby

ALFRED S. GATTY

Slowly *p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Rock-a-bye, ba-by } on the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock,
2. Hush-a-bye, ba-by } up in the sky, On a soft cloud 'tis ea - sy to fly.

When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, Down will come ba-by, cra-dle and all
 When the cloud bursts the rain drops will pour, Ba-by comes down to mo-ther once more.

cresc. *dim.*

Lullaby, Baby

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Slowly
p *cresc.*

Lul-la-by, — ba-by, While the hours run, — Fair-may the day be

dim.

When — night is done — Lul-la-by, ba-by while the hours run, Lul-la-

cresc. poco a poco

by, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, — Lul-la-

sempre pp

by, Lul-la-by.

Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(Emmett's Lullaby)

J. K. EMMETT

Moderato

mf

1. Close your eyes,
2. Bright be de

Le - na, my dar-ling,
morn - ing my dar-ling,

While I sing your lul-la-
Ven you ope your eyes -

by, fear thou no dan - ger, Le - na,
Sun-beams glow all 'round you, Le - na,

Move not, dear
Peace be with

Le - na, my dar-ling,
thee, love, my dar-ling,

For your broo-der watch-es
Blue and cloud-less be the

nigh you, Le-na, dear.
sky for Le-na, dear.

mf
An - gels guide thee,
Birds sing their bright,

Le - na dear, my dar - ling,
songs for thee, my dar - ling,

dim.
Noth - ing e - vil
Full of sweet-est

can come near;
mel - o - dy;

cresc.

Bright-est flow - ers
An - gels ev - er

blow for thee,
hov - er near

dim.
Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.

CHORUS

p

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;

Go to sleep, my ba - by, - ba - by, oh bye! *p* *dim.* *pp* Go to sleep, Le-na sleep.

Cradle Song

C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. Sleep, my heart's dar - ling, in slum - ber re - pose; Let the fair
2. Now, dear - est ba - by, is morn's gold - en time; Not thus thou'lt

lids o'er those blue eyes now close; All is as peace - ful and
slum - ber in life's lat - ter prime; Sor - row and care then will

cresc. still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pil - low thy head.

dim.

Sleep, Sleep, My Darling

(French Lullaby)

Not too Slowly

p

1. Sleep, sleep, my
2. Sleep, sleep, my

dar - ling,
dar - ling,

sleep peace - ful - ly,
sleep peace - ful ly,

Mo - ther is
Thy heavn - ly

watch - ing,
Fa - ther,

pray - ing for thee.
car - eth for thee.

p
May ho - ly
In thy soft

an - gels,
cra - dle,

cresc.
on wings of light,
peace - ful - ly sleep,

Bring to my
While thou dost

dim.
ba - by,
slum - ber,

p
dreams fair and bright.
watch He will keep.

p
Do - do, my
Do - do, my

dar - ling,
dar - ling,

dim e rit.
peace - ful - ly sleep.
peace - ful - ly sleep.

Lullaby

(Erminie)

53

E. JAKOBOWSKI

Slowly

Bye, bye,— drow - si-ness o'er-tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids

sleep. Bye, bye— Watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing,

Dar-ling, be thy slum - ber deep! Bye, bye,— Drow - si-ness o'er-tak - ing,

Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,— Watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing,

Dar-ling, be thy slum - bers deep! Bye - bye, Bye - bye.—

*rall**et**dim**pp*

Sleep, My Sweet Baby

(Il Trovatore)

Words Adapted

G. VERDI

Not too slowly

Sleep, my sweet ba - by, Hap - py thy dream - ing,
 Bright may the mor - row, On thee a - wa - ken, Naught here shall
 harm — thee, Love e'er so watch - ful, Braves ev -'ry dan - ger for
 thee, ba - by dear. Oh, may thy spir - it en - joy its calm
 slum - bers, Sweet and un - bro - ken, — Know - ing no fear, O

cresc. *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *mf*

p *cresc.*

rest thee, my sweet one, in thy fair - y dream-land, O

dim.

close thy dear eyes, And - peace - ful - ly sleep, O sleep, O

sempre p e tranquillo

sleep O sleep, my - sweet - ba - by - sleep, O

dim.

sleep, O sleep, my - sweet - ba - by - sleep.

poco a poco pp

Sleep, sweet one, sleep Sleep, sweet one, sleep.

Winkum, Winkum

Not too fast

p 1. Wink - um, wink - um, shut - your eye,
2. Chick - ens long have gone - to rest,

Sweet, my ba - by, lul - la - by, For the
Birds lie snug with in - their nest, And my

dews are fall - ing soft, Lights are flick - 'ring
bir - die soon will be, Sleep - ing like a

p up a - loft; And the moon - light's peep - ing
chick - a - dee; For with on - ly half a

cresc. o - ver, Yon - der hill - top - capped with clov - er.
try Wink - um, wink - um - shuts her eye.

dim.

Dodo, Baby, Do

57

Old French Lullaby

p Do - do, ba - by, do, Now my babe to sleep will go,

The first system of the lullaby is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Do - do, ba - by, do, Now my babe to sleep will go,".

Do - do, ba - by, do, Now my babe to sleep will go,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "Do - do, ba - by, do, Now my babe to sleep will go,".

mf There the old hen do - zes, O - ver 'neath the ro - ses,

The third system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody continues with the lyrics: "There the old hen do - zes, O - ver 'neath the ro - ses,".

dim. et rit. Ti - ny chicks shéll have for you, If you will sleep as good ba - bies do,

The fourth system includes the instruction *dim. et rit.* (diminuendo and ritardando). The melody continues with the lyrics: "Ti - ny chicks shéll have for you, If you will sleep as good ba - bies do,".

p a tempo Do - do, chick - ens are a - sleep - ing, *rit.* Do - do, rest, O ba - by mine.

The fifth system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the instruction *a tempo*. It ends with the instruction *rit.* (ritardando). The melody continues with the lyrics: "Do - do, chick - ens are a - sleep - ing, Do - do, rest, O ba - by mine."

The Sandman Comes

German Song

Slowly

p

The Sand-man comes, the Sand-man comes, He has such pret-ty

snow-white sand, and well he's known through - out the land, The Sand-man comes!

Neapolitan Cradle Song

Lightly

p

Sleep on, O ba - by dear - est, Thou dar - ling of - my heart Thy-

p

mo - ther watch - eth near thee, All her love and joy - thou art!

Chinese Lullaby

Slowly

mf

Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns and then your head,

mf And your pa - pa and your ma-ma will give you boiled mut-ton.

Cradle Hymn

J. J. ROUSSEAU

Slowly

p 1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay,
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard,

cresc Heav'n - ly bless-ings with-out num-ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
When His birth-place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed, Than the Son of God could be;
Oh, to tell the won-drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bus - ed their King;
Mayst thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;

p When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell his love and sing His praise.

Cradle Song

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Slowly

p

1. Lul-la - by and good night, with_ ro - ses be - dight, With_ li - lies be -
 2. Lul-la - by and good night, thy_ moth - er's de - light, Bright - an - gels a -

decked is_ ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy
 round my_ dar - ling shall stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt

slum - ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be blest.
 wake in my arms, They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.

Lullaby

J. W. ELLIOTT

Not too Slowly

p

1. When lit - tle bir - die bye - bye goes, Qui - et as mice in church - es,
 2. When pret - ty pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to - geth - er,

He puts his head where no one knows, On one leg_ he_ perch - es.
 Then lit - tle mice a - round her creep, Light - ly_ as_ a_ feath - er.

When lit-tle ba-by bye-bye goes, On mam-ma's arm re- pos-ing,
 When lit-tle ba-by goes to sleep, And he is ve-ry near us,

Soon he lies be-neath the clothes, Safe in the cra-dle doz-ing.
 Then on tip-toe soft-ly creep, That ba-by may not hear us. Lul-la-by,

Lul-la-by. Lul-la-Lul-la, Lul-la-bye.

Our Baby

Slowly

cresc.

French Lullaby
dim.

1. Cheeks of rose, ti-ny toes, Has our lit-tle ba-by;
 2. Thee I love, sweet-est dove, Dar-ling lit-tle ba-by!

cresc. *dim.*

Eyes of blue, fin-gers too, Cun-ning all as may be.
 While I live, thee I'll give Kiss-es warm as may be.

SONGS OF THE ANIMALS

Little children should be taught to love and do acts of kindness to our domestic animals and these tiny songs will do much to inculcate the first principles of merciful treatment in them. There are little songs about the dog, the cat, the lamb, the goose, the squirrel, the hare and many others, each one of which contains its moral lesson while at the same time a source of childish pleasure. In this way the story of "Black Beauty," of which children will never tire, is applied to every one of the dumb animals with which children come in contact.

I Love Little Pussy

Lightly

mf

The musical score for "I Love Little Pussy" is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has the melody in the right hand and a simple accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "I love lit - tle pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm, I'll sit by the fire and". The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "give her some food, And pus-sy will love me be - cause I am good." The tempo is marked "Lightly" and the dynamic is "mf". A "cresc." marking is placed above the final measure of the third system.

I love lit - tle pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And

if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm, I'll sit by the fire and

give her some food, And pus-sy will love me be - cause I am good.

The Lazy Cat

Lively

f

The musical score for "The Lazy Cat" is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of one system of music. The melody is in the right hand, and the left hand has a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Pus - sy, where have you been to day? 'In the mead-ows a - sleep in the hay,'" The tempo is marked "Lively" and the dynamic is "f".

Pus - sy, where have you been to day? "In the mead-ows a - sleep in the hay,"

cresc. *f*

Pus - sy, you are a la - zy cat, If you have done no more than that.

The Little Lamb

Gaily

mf

1. On the gras - sy mead - ow, where the vio - let's seen,
2. On the gras - sy pas - ture, glad, my lamb - kin springs,

f

Goes my lamb a - graz - ing On the grass so green.
Feel - ing just as I do, Hap - pi - ness in spring.

The Happy Kitten

Lively

f

1. See the hap - py kit - ten, Play - ing with the knit - tin! How she rolls the
2. Will you run and catch her? Will you try to teach her? Bring the pret - ty

cresc.

ball a - bout! How she pulls the stitch - es out! Naught - y, naught - y kit - ten.
lit - tle book, See if in it she will look? Hap - py lit - tle pus - sy.

The Gobble Duet

(The Mascot)

Words Adapted

E. AUDRAN

Brightly (PIPP0)

mf I've oft-en seen your pret-ty sheep, dear, And won-der'd why they are so

(BETTINA)

white, dear Your turk-ey gob-blers I have watch'd, dear, And won-der'd

dim.

(PIPP0)

mf

why they were so proud, dear. But now I know it's sure-ly you, dear, Who

(BETTINA)

keeps the sheep so white, so snow - y, And now I know it must be

cresc.

f (PIPP0)

you, dear Who guards your pets when it is blow - y. I my

Note:— This number makes a charming duet for a little boy and girl, the boy taking the part of Pipp0 and the girl that of Bettina

(BETTINA) (PIPPPO)

tur - keys love, And I my sheep love, When they sound their sweet-est

(BETTINA) (BOTH)

gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, When they soft-ly bleat "baa"! Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,

f *p* *f*

baa! Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, baa, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,

rit.

baa! gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, baa!

The Fox and Goose

Lively
mf

1. Fox, you've sto - len my grey gan - der, Bet - ter bring him back,
2. Soon he will, his mus - ket show - ing, Shoot you in the head,
3. Lit - tle fox, take heed, there's dan - ger, Thiev - ing will not do,

Bet - ter bring him back! There's a hun-ter watch-ing yon-der, He is on your
Shoot you in the head! Swift the red drops will be flow-ing, You will then be
Thiev-ing will not do; Bet - ter be to goose a stran-ger, Mouse is best for

cresc. *dim.*

track, There's a hun-ter watch-ing yon-der, He is on your track.
dead, Swift the red drops will be flow-ing, You will then be dead.
you, Bet - ter be to goose a stran-ger, Mouse is best for you.

Old Mother Toad

Not too fast

mf

1. O - ver in the mea - dow, In the sand, In the sun, Lived an
2. O - ver in the mea - dow, Where the stream runs so blue, Lived an

old moth-er toad, And her lit-tle toad-ie one. "Wink!" said the moth-er; "I
old moth-er fish, And her lit-tle fish-es two. "Swim!" said the moth-er; "We

wink," said the one: So she winked and she blinked In the sand, in the sun.
swim," said the two: So they swam and they leaped, Where the stream runs so blue.

The Cow

67

Quickly

mf

1. Thank you, pret-ty cow, that made pleas-ant milk to soak my bread,
 2. Where the pur-ple vio-let grows, where the bub-bling wa-ter flows,

Ev - ry day and ev - ry night, warm and fresh, and sweet, and white.
 Where the grass is fresh and fine, pret - ty cow, go there and dine.

The Squirrel Loves A Pleasant Chase

Lively

mf

The squir - rel loves a pleas-ant chase, Tra la, la, la, la, la, To
 catch him you must run a race, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Hold

out your hands and we will see, Which of the two will quick - er be! Tra

la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la.

Farmyard Song

ED. GRIEG

Lively

p Come out, snow-white lamb-kin, come out, calf and

cow, come Puss, with your kit-ten, the sun's shin-ing now, Come *pp*

out, yel-low duck-ling, come out, dow-ny chick-ling, that

rit. scarce-ly can sprawl, come out at my *p in time* call! Come, pi-geons a -

coo-ing, fly out for your woo-ing! The dew's on the grass, come

out ere it pass! For soon, too soon the sum-mer it

pass-es, and call but Au-tumn, be-hold him!

rit.

Three Little Mice

Lively

1. Three lit-tle mice crept out to see What they could find to have for tea (For
2. Three Tab-by cats went forth to mouse, And said "let's have a gay ca-rouse" For

they were dain-ty, sau-cy mice, And lik'd to nib-ble some-thing nice,) But
they were handsome, act-ive cats, And famed for catch-ing mice and rats. But

cresc.

Pus-sy's eyes, so big and bright, Soon sent them scamper-ing off in a fright.
sav-age dogs, dis-posed to bite, These cats de-clined to en-count-er in fight.

Slower *a tempo* *f*

The Sheep and the Boy

Not too fast

mf

1. Laz - y sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you lie,
2. Nay, my lit - tle mas - ter, nay, Do not serve me so, I pray!

Eat - ing grass and dais - ies white, From the morn - ing till the night;
Don't you see the wool that grows On my back to make your clothes?

cresc. *dim.*

Ev - 'ry - thing can some - thing do, — But what kind of use are you?
Cold, ah, ve - ry cold you'd be, — If you had not wool from me.

3. True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

4. Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woollyfleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

Pretty Little Deer

Quickly

p

Pret - ty lit - tle deer, do not be in fear Who shall harm you while I'm near?

Three Little Pigs

ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too fast

1. A jol - ly old sow — once lived in a sty, And three lit - tle pig - gies had
2. My dear lit - tle brothers," said one of the brats, "My dear lit - tle pig - gies," said

she, And she wad - dled a - bout say - ing, "Umph, Umph, Umph" While the
he, "Let us all for the fut - ure say, "Umph, Umph, Umph" 'Tis so

lit - tle ones said, "Wee, Wee," And she wad - dled a - bout say - ing,
child - ish to say "Wee, Wee," "Let us all for the fut - ure say,

"Umph, Umph, Umph" While the lit - tle ones said, "Wee, Wee!"
"Umph, Umph, Umph" 'Tis so child - ish to say "Wee, Wee!"

3. Then these little pigs grew skinny and lean, And lean they might very well be; (Umph!)
For somehow they couldn't say "Umph! Umph!" They all died of *felo de se*;
And they wouldn't say "Wee! Wee! Wee!" From trying too hard to say "Umph! Umph! Umph!"
When they only could say "Wee! Wee!"

Moral

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see;
Don't try while yet young to say "Umph! Umph! Umph!"
For you only can say "Wee Wee!"

The Dog And Cat

Not too fast

mf

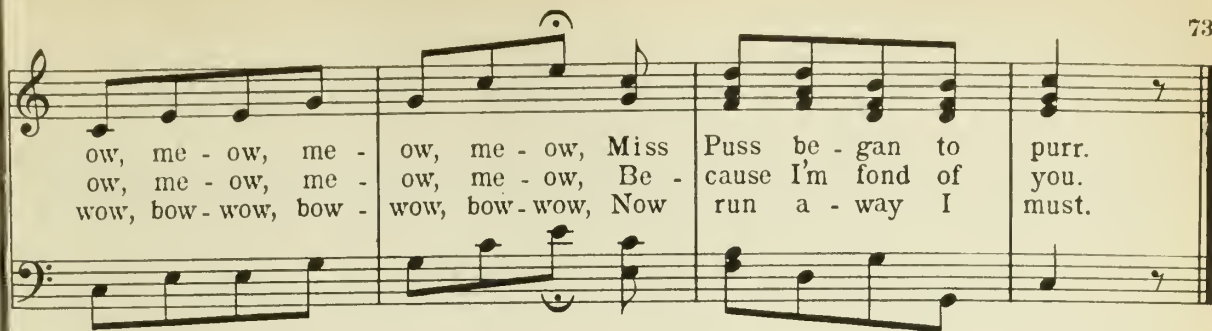
1. Why do you scratch me Puss - y, You naugh-ty lit-tle thing? Un -
 2. Dear Ro-ver, you must stroke me, And praise my fur so white! Must
 3. But Ro-ver said to Kit - ty, There is no truth in that, Al -

less you stop, Miss Puss - y, An - oth - er tune you'll sing! So
 pet me and ca - cress me, For that is my de - light. I
 though you purr so gen - tly, One can't be - lieve a cat. I'm

Ro - ver said to Kit - ty, And looked quite cross at her; But
 am not cross, be - lieve me, Each word I say is true; I
 grieved to say, Miss Puss - y You I can nev - er trust! I

in her gen - tlest man - ner, Miss Puss be - gan to purr. Me -
 on - ly purr and mur - mur, Be - cause I'm fond of you. Me -
 know your claws are cru - el, And run a - way I must. Bow -

ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Miss Puss be - gan to purr, Me -
 ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Be - cause I'm fond of you, Me -
 wow, bow-wow, bow - wow, bow-wow, Now run a - way I must. Bow -

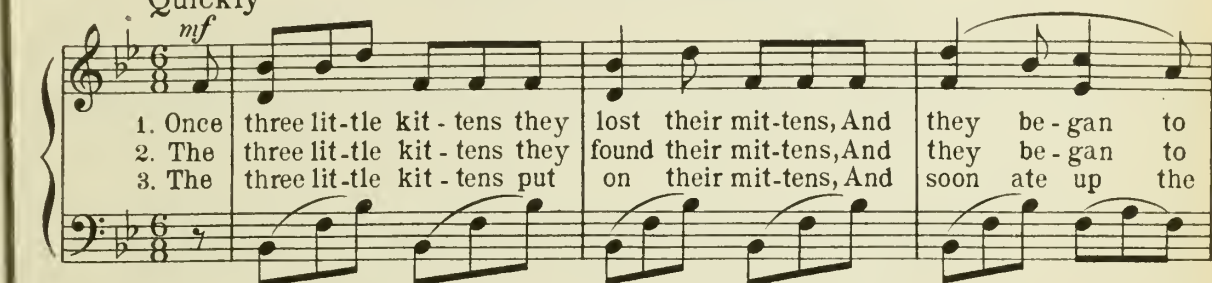


ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Miss Puss be - gan to purr.
ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Be - cause I'm fond of you.
wow, bow - wow, bow - wow, bow - wow, Now run a - way I must.

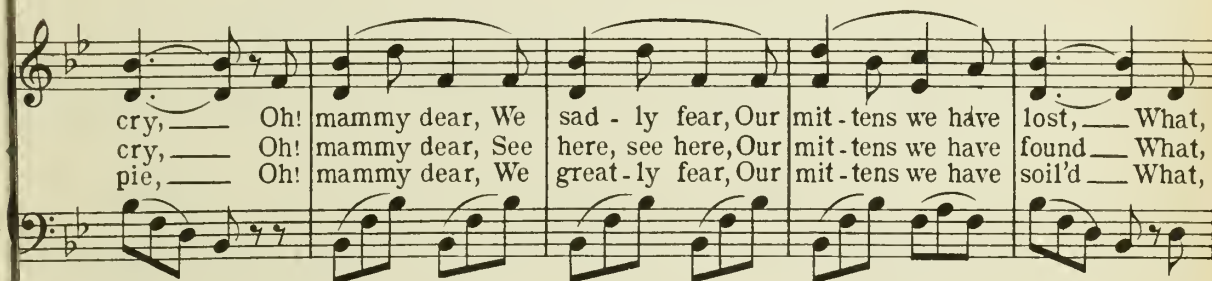
Three Little Kittens

Quickly

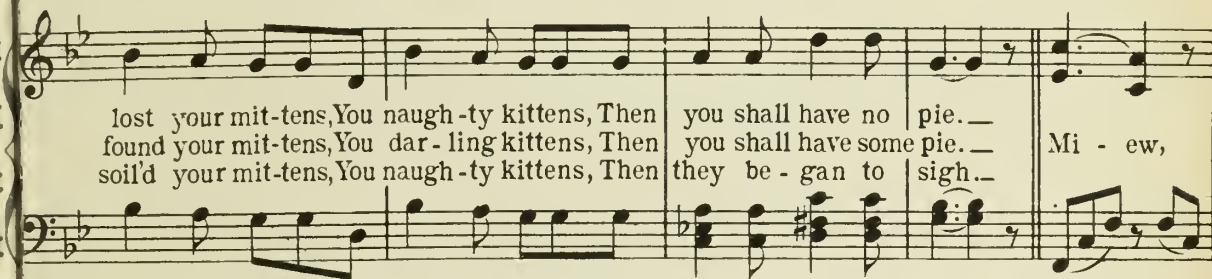
mf



1. Once three lit-tle kit - tens they lost their mit-tens, And they be - gan to
2. The three lit-tle kit - tens they found their mit-tens, And they be - gan to
3. The three lit-tle kit - tens put on their mit-tens, And soon ate up the



cry, — Oh! mammy dear, We sad - ly fear, Our mit - tens we have lost, — What,
cry, — Oh! mammy dear, See here, see here, Our mit - tens we have found — What,
pie, — Oh! mammy dear, We great - ly fear, Our mit - tens we have soil'd — What,



lost your mit-tens, You naugh - ty kittens, Then you shall have no pie. —
found your mit-tens, You dar - ling kittens, Then you shall have some pie. — Mi - ew,
soil'd your mit-tens, You naugh - ty kittens, Then they be - gan to sigh. —



Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Miew.

Puff!

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. There once liv'd a pret - ty young kit - ten call'd Puff, The
2. But though he was pret - ty he griev'd his mam - ma, His

pret - ti - est kit - ten e'er seen; His — tail was so long and his
man - ners to her were so gruff; And when - ev - er she'd scold him he'd

coat was so rough, And his eyes were an em - e - rald green.—
laugh out "Ha! Ha!" Would that naught - y young kit - ten called Puff.—

3. His mother one day said to her son and heir,
"I cannot now catch mice enough
"For us both;" but he answered, "I'm sure I don't care,"
Did that naughty young kitten called Puff.
4. His mother then said, "Oh how naughty you are;"
"I really must give you a cuff;"
On this he showed temper, and scratched his mamma,
Did that naughty young kitten called Puff.
5. Now growling most fiercely, and watching them fight,
Stood a French poodle covered with fluff;
And his feelings being shocked by this terrible sight
He bit that young kitten called Puff.
6. From this you can all see 'tis much better far
To avoid getting into a "huff;"
So never show temper or scratch your mamma,
Like that naughty young kitten called Puff.

Here are a number of sacred songs and hymns suitable for children of all ages, ranging from "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" for the little tots to familiar religious melodies such as "The Palms". Each one of them teaches the lesson of reverence and purity in life which we all seek to instill into the little ones as soon as their minds have developed sufficiently to grasp first principles. In the instances of some hymns, only certain verses which the child can readily understand have been given; in other instances, where the verses are appropriate throughout, they will be found complete.

The Children's Angel

Quietly

1. In ev - 'ry land an an - gel, Goes watch - ing ev - 'ry -
2. In ev - 'ry home he's look - ing To find out if the

where No one of us may see him and yet we know he's
child Is good un - to his fa - ther and to his moth - er

there; High in God's heav - en is his home, And
mild; And where he finds the chil - dren good, He

by our Fa - ther he is sent to roam,
stays and watch - es o - - ver them.

The Palms

J. FAURE

Not too slowly

p

1. O'er all the way green palms and blos - soms gay, —
 2. His word gave forth and peo - ples by its might, —

cresc.

Are strewn this day in fes - tal pre - - pa - ra - tion,
 Once more re - gain free - dom from deg - - ra - da - tion,

Where Je - sus comes to wipe our tears a - way, —
 Through bound - less love the Christ of Beth - le - hem, —

E'en now the throng to wel - come him pre - pare; — Join all and sing, His
 While those in dark - ness find re - stored the light; —

name de - clare, Let ev - ry voice re - sound with ac - cla - ma - tion, Ho -

san - - na!

praise ye the Lord!

Bless Him who com-eth to bring us Sal - va - tion!

God Knows All

Quietly

p

1. Do you know how ma-ny lit-tle stars Shine up there— in the sky?
2. Do you know how ma-ny lit-tle clouds, O'er the world go float-ing by?

God, our Fa - ther, He has count-ed them, And no er - ror does he

ev-er make; God, our Fa - ther, He has count-ed them, And no er - ror has he made.

Prayer

(Der Freischütz)

C. M. VON WEBER

Slowly

p

1. Soft - ly

sighs the

voice of

2. Low - ly

bend - ing

towards thee

*cresc.**dim.*eve - ning,
wend - ing,Steal - ing
Lord, whothro' 'yon shad - y
hast no eause norwil - low
end -*cresc.*grove;
ing;While
Stillthe
be -stars, like
friend us,guard - ian
still de -*dim.*an - gels,
fend - ing,Set their
Thine e -ho - ly, night - ly
ter - nalwatch a -
aid

bove.

give.

Evening Prayer

79

(Hansel and Gretel)

E. HUMPERDINCK

Slowly

*p**cresc.**dim.*

When I lay me down to sleep, An-gels guard o'er me doth keep;

Two on watch are stay - ing, Two are soft - ly pray - ing, Two to guard my

right hand, Two to guard my left stand, Two to slum-ber take me,

Two from slum-ber wake me, Two who watch-ful tar - ry. My

soul to God to

car -

ry!

pp

Over the Stars There is Rest

FR. ABT

Not too slowly

p *pp*

1. O-ver the stars there is rest!
2. O-ver the stars there is rest!

O-ver the stars there is rest!
O-ver the stars there is rest!

cresc.

Suf - fer in pa - tience con -
Bear up, to life's ills re -

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*

fid - ing, Life with its tri - al and chid - ing,
sign - ing, There, where the sun is still shin - ing,

There peace e - ter - nal a - bid - ing,
Comes nei - ther grief nor re - pin - ing, Makes the de -
There are re -

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

light of the blest.
lieved the op - prest.

Dark, though to - day be with
On - ward with cour - age re -

mf

sor - row, Hope gilds more bright - ly the mor - row,
viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - ing,

f *p. rit.* *p*

O - ver the stars there is rest!
O - ver the stars there is rest!

O - ver the
O - ver the

stars there is rest!
stars there is rest!

*Sunday Song

Joyfully

1. Oh, Sun-day has come a - gain to - day, a nose - gay in - his
2. And as in pret - ti - est cloth - ing, the young and old pa -

hat, His eye is mild and cheer - ful, And friend - ly is his chat.
rade, He's put on his fair - est gar - ments, In for - est and in glade.

A child's quaint idea in personifying the idea of Sunday.

Pilgrim's Song

Words Adapted

(Tannhäuser)

R. WAGNER

Slowly

1. I joy once more • now, O home to be - hold thee. In glad - ness

greet the lov'd vales — that en - fold thee; Now — shall — I rest my —

pil - grim rod, In God's good — faith all my way I have trod, All

praise — to thee All praise — to thee! e - ter - nal -

ly, All praise — to thee — e - ter - nal - ly.

Morning Song

Not too slowly

mf

1. A - wake from sweet-est slum - ber, And strength-en'd through our rest, To
 2. Give rest un - to the wea - ry, And pow - er to the weak, And

Thee we give thanks - giv - ing, And of our-selves the best.
 sue - cor to the help - less, And hon - our to the meek.

3. You send us joys and blessings
 In ev'rything we see,
 O give us your kind counsel,
 Through all Eternity.

O Sing God's Praise in Winter Too

Joyfully

mf

1. O sing God's praise in win - ter, too, He is so good and
 2. O sing God's praise in win - ter, too, He is so good and

kind, The lit - tle seeds he sees pro - tect - ed from the frost and wind.
 kind, He gives the spar - row a warm coat a - gainst the frost and wind.

3. O sing God's praise in winter too,
 He is so good and true
 He careth for the flow'rs and plants,
 So they will bloom anew.

Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

Slowly

cresc.

p Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the

Lord — my soul — to keep, If I should die be -

fore I wake, I pray — the Lord — my soul to take

Rock'd In The Cradle Of The Deep

J. P. KNIGHT
dim.

Moderato

cresc.

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, — I lay me down — in peaceto
2. Such — the trust that still were mine, — Tho'stormy winds — swept o'er the

sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, — For thou, O
brine; Or though the temp-est's fie - ry breath, — Rous'd me from

dim. *f*

Lord, hast pow'r to save I know Thou wilt not slight my
 sleep to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with

dim.

call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
 thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the

cresc.

deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, —

1. *dim.* 2. *dim.*

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

Children's Hosanna

Joyfully

GEO. J. WEBB

1. When His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still Tho' now as King he
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deemers praise, The stones, our si - lence

sing - ing Ho - san - nas to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But
 reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill. We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who
 sham - ing Might well Ho - san - na's raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The

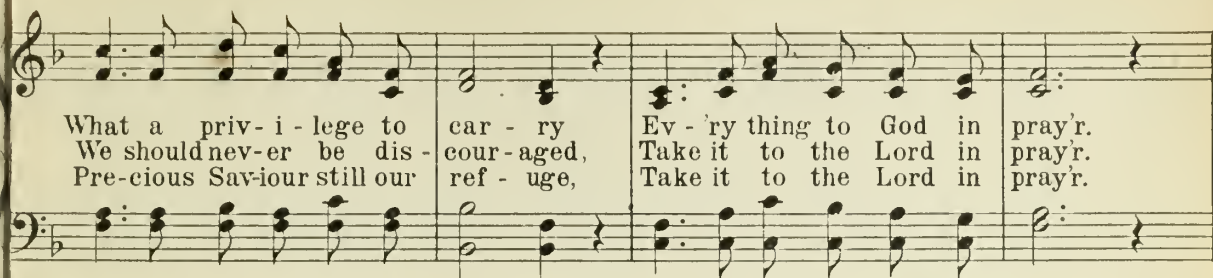
as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
 sits up - on the throne, And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na! To Dav - id's roy - al Son!
 trib - ute of our words? No! while our hearts are ten - der They too shall be the Lord's.

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

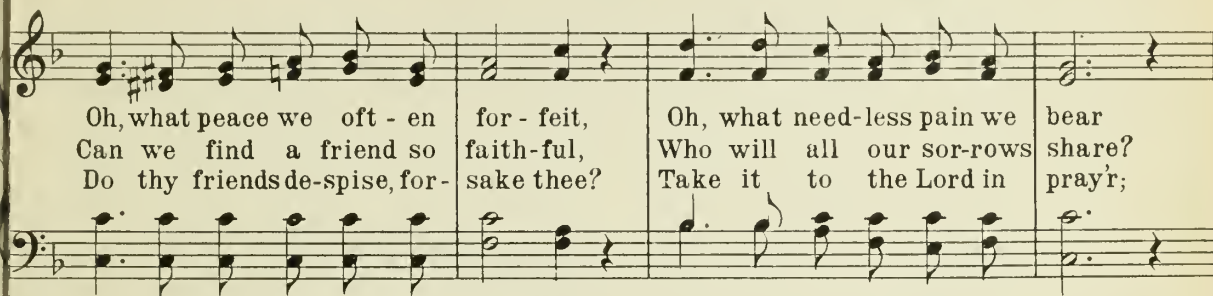
Sweetly

C. CROZAT CONVERSE

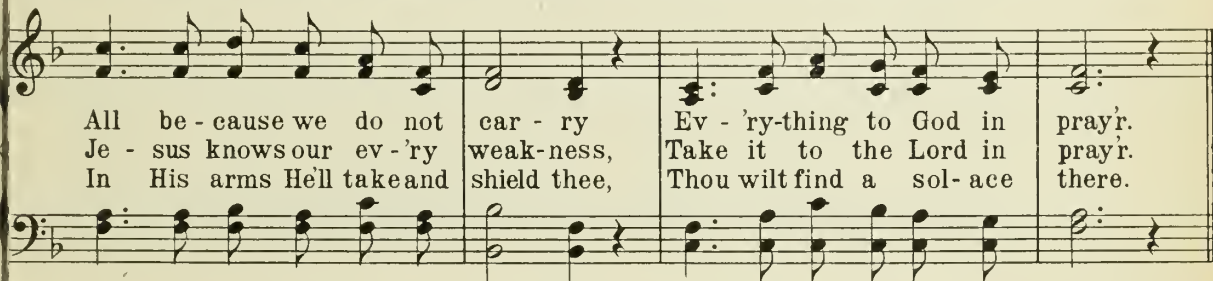
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r.
 We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre-cious Sav-iour still our ref-u-ge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Oh, what peace we oft-en for-feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear
 Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

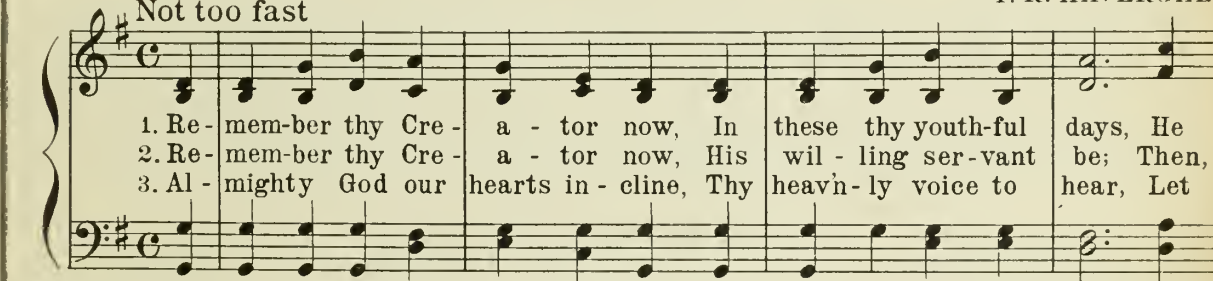


All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
 Je-sus knows our ev-ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

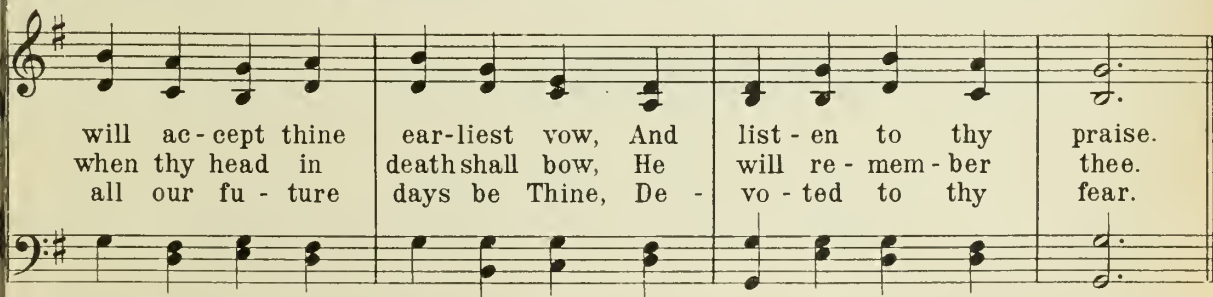
Remember Thy Creator

F. R. HAVERGAL

Not too fast



1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, In these thy youth-ful days, He
 2. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, His wil-ling ser-vant be; Then,
 3. Al-mighty God our hearts in-cline, Thy heavn-ly voice to hear, Let



will ac-cept thine ear-liest vow, And list-en to thy praise.
 when thy head in death shall bow, He will re-mem-ber thee.
 all our fu-ture days be Thine, De-vo-ted to thy fear.

Work, For The Night Is Coming

March time

*cresc.**dim.*

LOWELL MASON

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Sweetly

cresc.

W. B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
 To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
 Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
 And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

Old Hundred

(Doxology)

L. BOURGEOIS

Slowly

cresc. *dim.*

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make,
 3. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice:
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heav - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

Not too slowly

S. B. MARSH

mf

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,—
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;—
 3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;—

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;—
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!—
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!—

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life be past;—
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;—
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;—

mf

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!—
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!—
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!—

Jerusalem The Golden

Joyfully

ALEX. EWING

mf

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throned
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast,

cresc. *f*

I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

dim.

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed, Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

Reverently

Now The Day Is Over

J. BARNBY

p

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose,

f *p*

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten - d'ring bless - ing May our eye - lids close.

Abide With Me

W. H. MONK

Slowly

p

1. A bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy

deep - ens dim, its grace can Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers
 glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 foil the temp - er's pow'r! Who, like Thy self my

mf

dim

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less; oh, a - bid with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bid with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid with me!

Holy, Holy, Holy!

J. B. DYKES

Joyfully

mf

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,

cresc.

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

mf *cresc.*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,

f *dim.*

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art and ev - er more shall be.
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

Slowly

Sun Of My Soul

W. H. MONK

p *cresc.*

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ried
 3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with - out
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the

f

night if Thou be near, Oh may no earth - born
 eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought how
 Thee I can - not live; A - bid with me when
 world our way we take, Now, Lord, the gra - cious

cresc. *dim.*

cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
 night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
 work be - gin, Let him no more lie down in sin.

Rock Of Ages

THOMAS HASTINGS

Moderato

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

How Happy Is The Child

M. BRUCK

1. How hap - py is the child who hears, In-struc-tion's warn - ing voice,
 2. For she has treasures grea - ter far, Than east or west un - fold;

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
 And her re - wards more pre - cious are, Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence,
 In pleasure's path to tread;
 A crown of glory she bestows,
 Upon the hoary head.

4. According as her labors rise
 So her rewards indrease,
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness
 And all her paths are peace.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

LOWELL MASON

Slowly

mf

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That — rais - eth me, — Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me My — rest a stone, — Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 ston - y griefs Beth - el, I'll raise — So by my woes to be,

dim.
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Child's Hymn

Not too Slowly

mf

1. Let chil - dren that would fear the Lord, Hear what their teach - ers
 2. Have you not heard what dread - ful plagues, Are threat - en'd by the
 3. But those that wor - ship God, and give Their pa - rents hon - or

say; With rev - erence hear their pa - rent's words, And with de - light o - bey.
 Lord; To him that breaks his fa - ther's laws, Or mocks his moth - er's word?
 due; Here on the earth they long may live, And live here - af - ter too.

How Gentle God's Commands

Sweetly

H. G. NAGEL

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eyes His saints se -
 pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens
 cure - ly dwell! That hand which bears all
 on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
 na - ture up Shall guard His chil - dren well.

As A Little Child

Not too slow

C. M. VON WEBER

1. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be yond its own
 2. So let me, a child, re - ceive What to - day Thou shalt pro - vide,
 3. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me lov - ing, meek and mild
 Knows be - neath its fa - ther's eyes It is nev - er left a - lone.
 Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave What to - mor - row may be - tide.
 Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a lit - tle child.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS

The children who at an early age are taught to love beautiful flowers, and to sing the many dainty little songs which have been written in their honor will develop an appreciation and reverence for Nature's bounteous offerings which can never be eradicated from their hearts. The celebrations in most schools of Arbor Day and the May Festival are the substantial evidence of our desire to educate children in higher things than regular school studies, and the little flower songs in this volume are designed to be of material aid in elevating and ennobling the childish ideal.

Buttercups And Daisies

Quickly

1. But - ter - cups and dai - sies Oh, the pret - ty flowers,
2. Ere the snow-drop peep - eth, Or the cro - cus bold,

Com - ing ere the spring - time, To tell of sun - ny hours!
Ere the ear - ly prim - rose — Ope its bud of gold

While the trees are leaf - less, While the fields are bare,
Some - where on the sun - ny bank But - ter - cups are bright,

But - ter - cups and dai - sies Spring up here and there.
Some - where in the fro - zen grass Peeps the dai - sy white.

The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

F. FLOTOW

Andante

mf

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a
 leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions, Are
 stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go

fad - ed and gone. No flow - ers of her
 sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I

kind - dred, No rose - bud is nigh To re -
 scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy

flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for
 mates of the gar - den, Lie scent - less and

1 *mf* sigh. I'll not dead. 2 *mf* Where thy mates of the

gar - den Lie scent - less and dead. *f*

The Daisy

Quietly

p 1. I'm a pret - ty lit - tle thing, Al - ways com - ing with the
2. Lit - tle la - dy, when you pass Light - ly o'er the ten - der

Spring, In the mea - dows I am found, Peep - ing just a - bove the
grass, Skip a - bout, but do not tread, On my meek and low - ly

ground, And my stalk is cov - ered flat With a white and yel - low hat.
head; For I al - ways seem to say, "Chil - ly win - ter's gone a - way."

Bloom, My Tiny Violet

Quietly

p

1. Bloom, my ti - ny vio - let, by the wa - ter - mill,

Yet a short while lon - ger, Thou'lt be fair - er still;

Soon I'll make a pre - sent To my sis - ter dear,—

Bloom, my ti - ny vio - let, Thee I'm ev - er near.

To My Little Flower

Gaily

mf

cresc.

1. Some-one gave to me—a—flow - er, And I placed it in—a—bow - er,
2. Sun, so kind, pour on—my—flow - er, Thy soft rays in gold - en—show - er,

f *dim.*

Where the bir-dies come and sing, Sit - ting round it in a ring.
Let it lift its pret - ty head, Ere I seek my lit - tle bed.

Once I Saw A Rose

Quietly *p*

1. Once I saw a sweet - brier rose, All so fresh - ly bloom - ing,
2. "Rose," said I, — "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh - ly bloom - ing;"

Bathed with dew, and blush - ing fair, Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per -
Rose re - plied, "Nay let me go, Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash per -

cresc *f*

fum - ing; Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing.
sum - ing; Or thy blood shall 'free - ly flow, For thy rash per - sum - ing.

3. Woe is me! I broke the stem,
Life and fragrance dooming;
Soon the lovely flower was gone,
And the thorns remained alone
Vanished all its blooming;
And the thorns remained alone
Vanished all its blooming.

4. Had I left thee, lovely flower,
In thy beauty blooming,
Bathed with dew and blushing fair,
Thou would'st still have filled the air
With thy sweet perfuming
Thou would'st still have filled the air,
With thy sweet perfuming.

The Wild Rose

Waltz time

JOHANN STRAUSS

mf

Where the wild rose sweet-ly doth blow,

This system contains the first six measures of the waltz. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first measure starts with a half note, followed by quarter notes in the subsequent measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

cresc.

There must I go, Where the bird - lings sing soft and

This system contains measures 7 through 12. The melody continues with quarter notes and half notes. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo, indicated by the 'cresc.' marking. The notes in the piano part become more active towards the end of the system.

dim.

low. ————— Where the wild rose

This system contains measures 13 through 18. The melody is mostly sustained notes, with a decrescendo indicated by the 'dim.' marking. The piano accompaniment remains relatively static, providing a harmonic background for the vocal line.

cresc.

sweet - ly doth blow, There must I go, Where the

This system contains measures 19 through 24. The melody continues with a crescendo, marked by 'cresc.'. The piano accompaniment also shows more activity, with chords and moving lines in both hands.

f

night - in - gales sing — so soft and low. —————

This system contains measures 25 through 30. The melody concludes with a final note, and the piano accompaniment features a forte ('f') dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line.

Here is a happy mixture of songs which ennoble the hours of work and make festival the hours of play. It is well to create in children's minds a happy balance in their ideas of work and recreation, that they may gain a proper conception of the important part which each one plays in the scheme of life. The most beautiful thing about these songs is the cheerful lustre they shed over school or work hours, and their tendency to elevate children's ideas of the amusements they should seek in playtime.

The Golden Rule

Moderato

mf

1. To do to oth - ers as I would that they should do to me, Will
 2. We nev - er should be - have a - miss, nor need be doubt - ful long: As

make me hon - est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be, Will
 we may al - ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong, As

make me hon - est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be.
 we may al - ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong.

The musical score for 'The Golden Rule' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal melody on the right. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are provided for two verses, with the first verse ending with 'Will long: As' and the second verse ending with 'Will wrong, As'.

There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day

Gaily

mf

1. There is joy in ev - 'ry day, In our work and in our play.
 2. If we al - ways do our best Ev - 'ry night will bring sweet rest.

The musical score for 'There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal melody on the right. The tempo is marked 'Gaily' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are provided for two verses, with the first verse ending with 'in our play' and the second verse ending with 'bring sweet rest'.

See - Saw

In Waltz Time

CH. COOTE

See - saw, See - saw, now we're up — or down, —

The first system of the musical score for 'See - Saw' in 3/4 time. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics 'See - saw, See - saw, now we're up — or down, —'. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords. There are four measures in this system.

See - saw, See - saw, — now — we're off to Lon-don Town, —

The second system of the musical score. The treble clef staff continues the melody with lyrics 'See - saw, See - saw, — now — we're off to Lon-don Town, —'. A triplet of eighth notes is marked above the fifth measure. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. There are four measures in this system.

See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,

The third system of the musical score. The treble clef staff continues the melody with lyrics 'See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,'. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. There are four measures in this system.

cresc. See - saw, — *dim.* See - saw, On this our half hol-i - day. *Fine*

The fourth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff continues the melody with lyrics 'See - saw, — See - saw, On this our half hol-i - day. —'. The system is marked with a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a decrescendo (*dim.*) over the first two measures, and ends with a 'Fine' marking. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. There are four measures in this system.

There's Pol - ly and John-ny and Kit - ty and Jane, All running to get on the
come, boys and girls, and all join hands a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de

The fifth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff continues the melody with lyrics 'There's Pol - ly and John-ny and Kit - ty and Jane, All running to get on the come, boys and girls, and all join hands a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de'. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. There are four measures in this system.

Come, Lassies And Lads

Quickly

OLD ENGLISH

Come, lassies and lads get leave of your dads, And a - way to the Maypole hie; — For
 ev - 'ry fair has a sweet-heart there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing by. For
 Will - ie shall dance with Jane, — And John - ny has got his Joan, — To
 trip it, trip it, trip — it, trip it, Trip — it up and down, — To
 trip it, trip it, trip — it, trip it, Trip — it up and down. —

Haymaking Song

With Spirit

mf

cresc.

1. Boys and girls come out to - day, We must go a -
2. While the bright warm sun doth shine Rake the new - mown

mak - ing hay, Heigh - o! Heigh - o! out a - mak - ing hay.
hay in line. Heigh - o! Heigh - o! rake it in - to line.

When the bright warm sun is out,
Toss the new-mown hay about.
Heigho! Heigho! toss it well about.

If you want hay sweet and fine,
Make it while the sun doth shine.
Heigho! Heigho! while the sun doth shine.

Child's Dreamland

Slow Waltz

mf

cresc.

When the moon is beam - ing, O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing,

Lit - tle ones are dream - ing, Free from toil and care.

dim.

mf *cresc.*

Once a - gain they wan - der O'er the mea - dows yon - der,

dim.

Hand, in hand in child's dream - land, Where all is bright and fair.

Jingle Bells

Lively

f

Jingle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

one-horse o - pen sleigh! — Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Follow Me, Full Of Glee

Gaily

f

1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry, pret-ty row; Foot-steps light, fa-ces bright,
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,

mf *cresc.*

'Tis a hap-py, hap-py sight, Swiftly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up-on the ground.
Learning dai-ly some-thing new; Then we laugh and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing!

f *mf*

Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

cresc. *f*

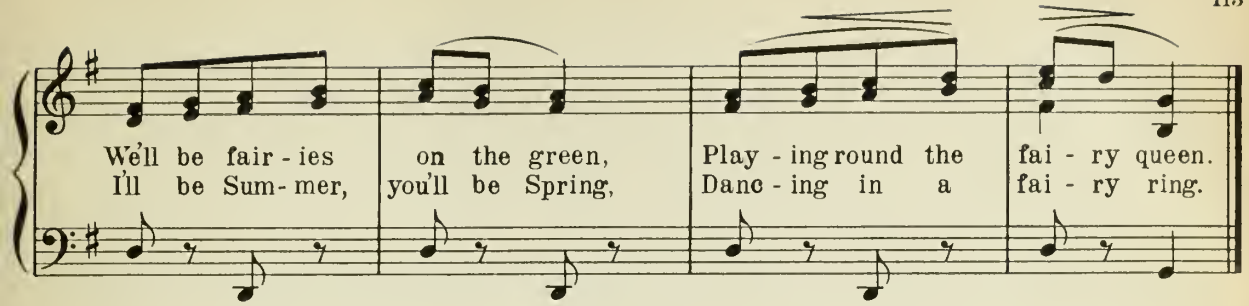
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

The Fairy Ring

Quickly

mf

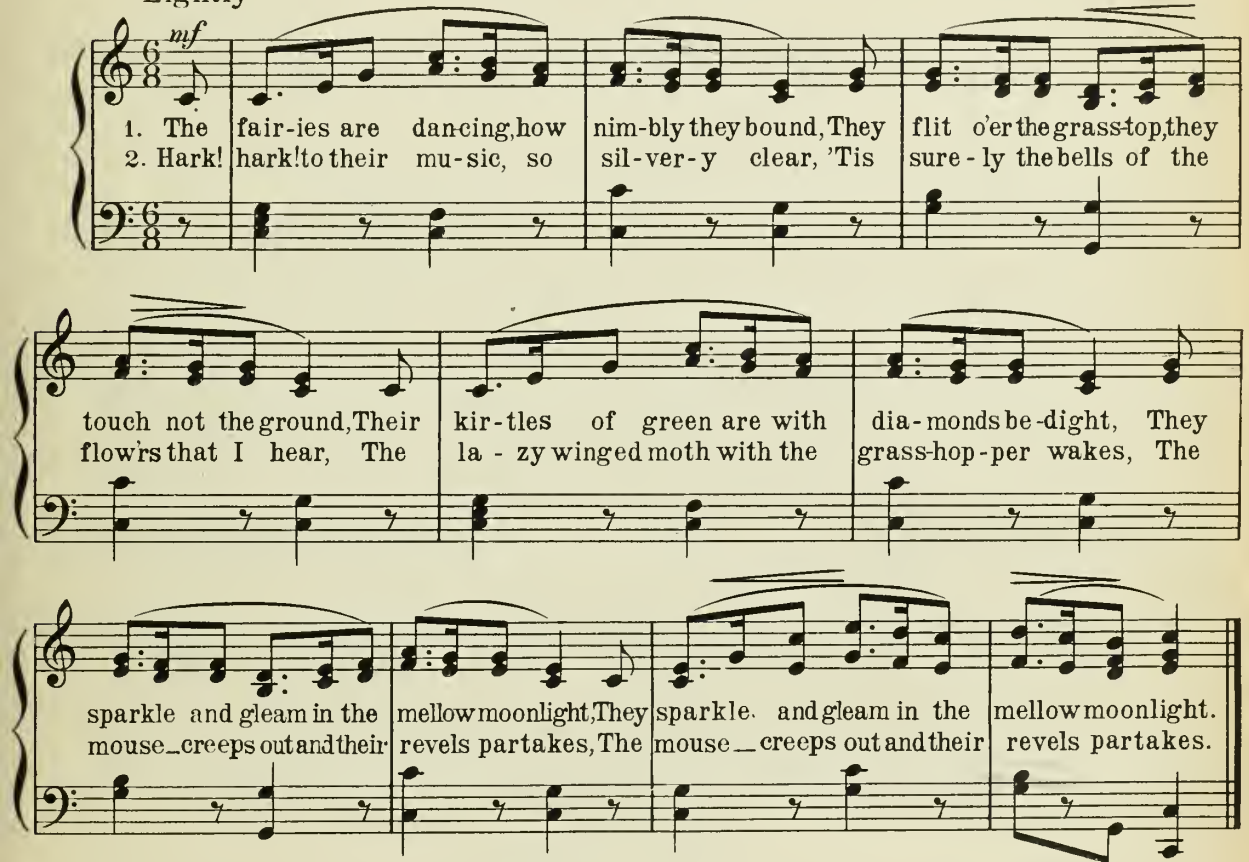
1. Let us laugh and let us sing, Danc-ing in a mer-ry ring;
2. Like the sea-sons of the year, Round we cir-cle glad-ly here:



We'll be fair-ies on the green, Play-ing round the fai-ry queen.
I'll be Sum-mer, you'll be Spring, Danc-ing in a fai-ry ring.

Dance Of The Fairies

Lightly



1. The fair-ies are dancing, how nim-bly they bound, They flit o'er the grass-top, they
2. Hark! hark! to their mu-sic, so sil-ver-y clear, 'Tis sure-ly the bells of the

touch not the ground, Their kir-tles of green are with dia-monds be-dight, They
flow'rs that I hear, The la-zy winged moth with the grass-hop-per wakes, The

sparkle and gleam in the mellow moonlight, They sparkle. and gleam in the mellow moonlight.
mouse-creeps out and their revels partakes, The mouse-creeps out and their revels partakes.

3. How gaily they trip it, how happy are they,
Who pass all their leisure in frolic and play;
Who love where they list without sorrow or cares,
And laugh at the fetters that most people wear,
And laugh at the fetters that most people wear.

Vacation Days

Lively

J. C. JOHNSON

mf

1. Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here Tra la, tra la, tra la! We
 2. Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la! The
 3. Ho, ho, the hours will quick - ly fly, Tra la, tra la, tra la! And

wel - come them with right good cheer, Tra la, tra la, tra la, In
 lake on which we used to sail, Tra la, tra la, tra la, We
 soon va - ca - tion time be by, Tra la, tra la, tra la, Ah,

cresc.

wis - dom's hall we love to be, But yet 'tis pleas - ant to be free, Ho,
 greet them all with right good cheer, In thought un - changed a - gain we're here, Ho,
 then we'll all in glad re - frain, Sing wel - come to our school a - gain, Ho,

f

ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
 ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
 ho, the hours will quick - ly fly, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

Little Things

Lively

mf

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, — Make the might - y
 2. And the lit - tle mom - ents, Hum - ble tho' they be, — Make the might - y

o - cean And the beaut - eous land, And the beau - teous land. —
a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty. —

Geography Song

Not too fast

mf
1. Oh, have you heard ge - og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue, A -
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land, Be - neath the ships or where we stand, And

bout the Earth in air that's hung, All cover - ed with green lit - tle is - lands.
far be - yond the O - cean strand Are thou - sands of green lit - tle is - lands.

CHORUS

O - ceans, gulfs and bays and seas; Chan - nels and straits, sounds, if you please;
Con - ti - nents and capes there are, Isth - mus and then pen - in - su - la,

Great Arch - i - pel - a - goes, too, and all these Are cover - ed with green lit - tle is - lands.
Moun - tain and val - ley, and shore stretch - ing far, And thou - sands of green lit - tle is - lands.

Merrily, Merrily Sing

Not too slow

mf

1. Im - prove the pass - ing hours, — For time is on the wing, Sip
2. Re - pine not if from la - bor Your health and com-fort spring, Work

hon - ey from the flow - ers, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; All
hard and help your neigh - bor, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; Store

cresc.

dim.

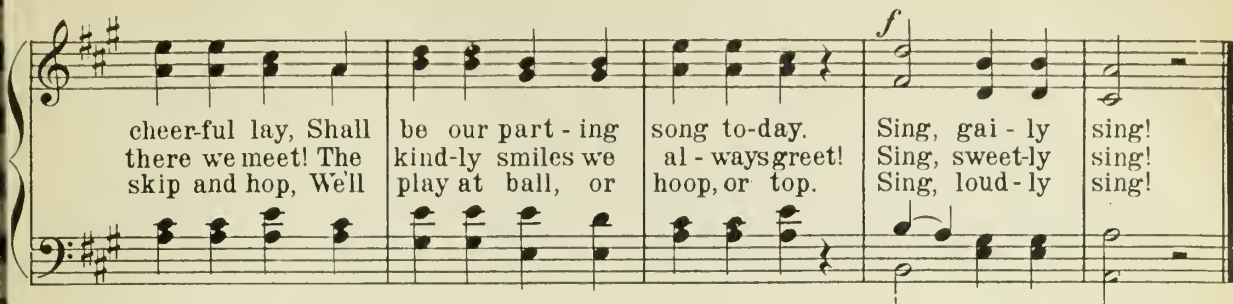
fol - ly ends in sad - ness, For trou - ble it will bring; But—
not your mind with fol - ly, To truth your hom-age bring; Do—

wis - dom leads to glad - ness, So mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.
all the good you're a - ble, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.

Merrily We Skip Along

Gaily

f
Mer - ri - ly we skip a - long, skip a - long, skip a - long,



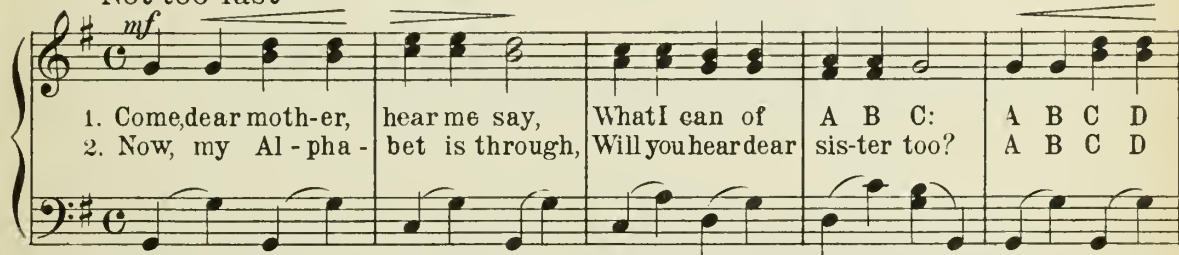
cheer-ful lay, Shall be our part-ing song to-day. Sing, gai-ly sing!
there we meet! The kind-ly smiles we al-ways greet! Sing, sweet-ly sing!
skip and hop, We'll play at ball, or hoop, or top. Sing, loud-ly sing!

4. Sing, softly sing!
When dusky night doth bring
Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads,
In heavenly peace we'll seek our beds.
Sing, softly sing!

5. Sing, boldly sing!
When cheerful lark takes wing,
We'll rise as brisk and merry, too,
Resolved our lessons well to do.
Sing, boldly sing!

Musical Alphabet

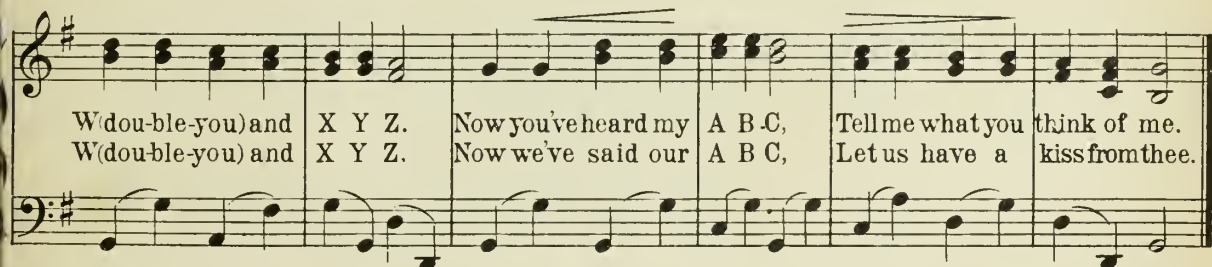
Not too fast



1. Come, dear mother, hear me say, What I can of A B C: A B C D
2. Now, my Al-pha-bet is through, Will you hear dear sis-ter too? A B C D



E F G, H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V,
E F G, She has said them all to me; Q R S and T U V,



W (double-you) and X Y Z. Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.
W (double-you) and X Y Z. Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

Action Song

Not too fast

ALFRED S. GATTY

p *Solo*

1. Tell me, my chil-dren, and pray an-swer right, Are hands made to work with, or
 2. Tell me, my chil-dren, and please tell me quick, Are feet made to walk with, or

CHORUS

mf

on - ly to fight? Hands are made to work with, Hands are made to
 on - ly to kick? Feet are made to walk with, Feet are made to

work with, Hands are made to work with, and not to fight!
 walk with, Feet are made to walk with, and not to kick!

3.

Solo — Tell me, my children, and pray don't be shy,
 Are eyes made to see with, or only to cry?
Chorus — Eyes are made to see with, and not to cry!

4.

Solo — Tell me, my children, and pray do not shout,
 Are lips made to kiss with, or only to pout?
Chorus — Lips are made to kiss with, and not to pout!

5.

Solo — Tell me, my children, and please clearly state,
 Are hearts made to love with, or only to hate?
Chorus — Hearts are made to love with, and not to hate!

This song may be sung with different children taking the solo part on each verse.

Song Of The Bells

Words Adapted

(Chimes Of Normandy)

R. PLANQUETTE

Lively

p

1. Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong, lis-ten to the bell, Mer-ri-ly it's ring-ing

o-ver hill and dell; Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong, *cresc.* lis-ten to the bell, It is

sound-ing joy and— love as well! *rit.*

a tempo
*) Ding,

dong,

ding,

dong,

ding,

dong,

ding,

ding,dong,bell. *rit.*

*) The children can hum softly from here to the end.

The Snow Man

ALFRED S. GATTY

Quickly

*mf**cresc.*

1. Come out, dear Dol-ly and make a snow man, Ha! ha! ev - er so big;
 2. Run in, dear Dol-ly and bring pa-pa's hat, Ha! ha! out of the hall;

You must work, Dol-ly, as hard as you can, Ha! ha! dig Dol-ly dig;
 Oh! what a pi - ty, we've made him so fat, Ha! ha! 'twon't fit at all;

You get the snow, while I make his head, And pick me two stones for his eyes, —
 Oh, Dol-ly dear, how clum-sy you are, You've knock'd a great hole in the side, Of

We'll try and make him like Un - cle Ned, To take dear pa - pa by sur - prise;
 fa - ther's new hat, and here comes mam-ma, So, Dol - ly, let's run and hide;

We'll make his arms and his legs ve - ry stout, Oh! dear! won't it be fun,
 If, Dol - ly, moth - er should ask bye and bye, Ha! ha! how did you that?

cresc.

Just as if poor Un-cle Ned had the gout, Quick! Quick! let's get it done.
Tell her we'll save all our pen-nies to buy, Ha! Ha! fath-er a hat.

Mowing The Hay

Lively

MARY CARMICHAEL

1. Come, lads and las-sies, stir a-bout, while still the wea-ther's gay, The
2. Then up and down and round we go, and round the field a-way, So

*cresc.**dim.*

rain may put the sun-shine out, so mow a-way the hay; There's
there's the last of ev-'ry row, a-mow-ing of the hay; And

cresc.

Tom and Sue_ and Will and Prue_ and Dick with pret-ty May, And_
when it's all_ been cart-ed in, _the fid-dler he shall play. Up -

cresc.

ev-'ry one en-joys the fun, A-mow-ing of the hay!_
on the green, so soft and clean, A-mow-ing of the hay!_

Try, Try Again

Lively

mf

1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain;
 2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain;

If at first you don't suc - ceed, Try, try a - gain;
 If at last you would pre - vail, Try, try a - gain;

Then your cour - age shall ap - pear, For if you will per - se - vere,
 If we strive 'tis no dis - grace, Though we may not win the race;

You will con - quer, nev - er fear, Try, try a - gain.
 What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.

Work And Play

Gaily

*mf**cresc.*

FRENCH MELODY

1. Here at school we gath - er dai - ly, And we learn the Gold - en Rule;
 2. Les - sons o - ver, then each ro - ver, Laugh the hap - py hours a - way;
 3. Work and play we min - gle dai - ly Both we do with lov - ing zest;

f *dim.*

Still a - spir - ing, Nev - er tir - ing, That is what we learn at school!
 Mer - ry play-mates, Blithe and gay mates, That's the way we do at school!
 Nev - er tir - ing, Still a - spir - ing, 'Til the sun sinks in the west!

Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

With spirit

f

1. Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, — For

cresc.

man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! —

f

Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main — For

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain. —

Over the Summer Sea

(Rigoletto)

G. VERDI

Gaily

mf

1. O-ver the sum-mer sea, with light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad min-strel-sy
 2. List to my round-e - lay as we glide on our way, Ne'er will our love de - cay,

gai-ly we're roam-ing; Swift flowsthe rip-pling tide, light-ly the zephyrs glide,
 Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa-ters deep, Now our oars gai-ly sweep,

Round us, on ev-'ry side, Bright crests foam-ing, Fond hearts en - twining,
 True in the time they keep, What can grieve thee? Fond hearts en - twining,

*poco a poco**f*

cease all re - pin - ing; Near us is shin - ing beau - ty's bright smile.

Hark, there's a bird on high, far in yon azure sky,
 Flinging sweet melody, each heart to gladden;
 And its song seems to say, banish all care away;
 Never let sorrow stay, brief joys to sadden.
 Fond hearts entwining, cease all repining;
 Near us is shining beauty's bright smile.

Good - Night and Good-Morning

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Sweetly

p

1. A fair lit - tle girl sat un - der a tree, Sew - ing as
2. A num - ber of rooks came o - ver her head, Cry - ing "Caw!

long as her eyes could see Then smooth-ed her work and
Caw!" on their way to bed, She said, as she watched their

fold - ed it right, And said "Dear work, good - night, good - night!"
cur - i - ous flight, "Lit - tle black things good - night, good - night!"

3. The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed; 5. The tall, pink Fox-glove bowed his head —
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road, The Violets curtsied, and went to bed;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight, And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!" And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!" 6. And while on her pillow she softly lay,
Though she saw him there like a ball of light; She knew nothing more till again it was day,
For she knew he had God's own time to keep And all things said to the beautiful sun,
All over the world, and never could sleep. "Good-morning, good-morning, our work is begun"

Mud Pies

ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too fast

mf

1. Tell me, lit - tle house - wives, play - ing in the sun,
 2. Don't you hear the blue - bird, high up in the air?

How man - y min - utes till the cook - ing's— done?
 "Good morn - ing, lit - tle ones, are you bu - sy there?"

John - ny builds the ov - en, Jen - ny rolls the crust,—
 Pret - ty Mis - ter Squir - rel, boun - ces down the rail,—

Kat - ie buys the flour— all of gold - en dust.
 Takes a seat and watch - es, curls his bush - y tail.

CHORUS

dim.

Pat it here, pat it there, What a dain - ty size!
 'Twirl it so, mark is so, (Look - ing won - drous wise:)

Bake it on a shingle, Nice mud pies!
All the plums are pebbles, Rich mud pies!

3. Arms that never weary, toiling dimple-deep;
Shut the oven door now, soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower, think we need it so,
That would make the roadside such a heap of dough.
Turn them in, turn them out; how the morning flies;
Ring the bell for dinner; hot mud pies!

Soft Music Is Stealing

Sweetly
p

1. Soft, soft, mu-sic is steal-ing Sweet, sweet lin-gers the
2. Sweet, sweet, mel-o-dies num-bers, Hark! hark! gen-tly they

strain, Loud, loud, now it is peal-ing Wak-ing the ech-oes a -
swell, Deep, deep, wak-ing from slum-bers, Tho'ts in the bo-som that

cresc. *dim.*

gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a - gain.
dwell Yes, yes, yes, yes, Tho'ts in the bo-som that dwell.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS AND SEASONS

Every season and every month of the year has its special joys and amusements for the children and therefore each change is gladly greeted and as cheerfully bidden farewell. The songs in this section of our book enable children to give voice to their feelings of pleasure and glee and are offered them in such variety as to cover all periods of the year. The season and month which seem to give them the greatest pleasure - Spring and the month of May - are well represented by songs which are a happy combination of cheerful sentiment and flowing melody.

Autumn Song

ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too slow

1. Oh, lit-tle bird up - on the tree, What will you sing to - day? Now

Spring has gone, and Sum-mer gone, And swal-lows flown a - way, Full

of re - grets your song will be, A sad and mourn - ful lay.

rit. *a tempo*

2. That little bird upon the tree
Then sang both loud and clear,
"Tho' Spring has gone, and Summer gone,
And Winter draweth near,
I sing of hope - for well I know,
They'll all come back next year."

3. "Tho' Winter is a dreary time,
And cold and frost I dread,
And hard it is when snows lie deep
For birdies to be fed,
I cheer myself with this glad thought,
There's Springtime on ahead."

New Year Carol

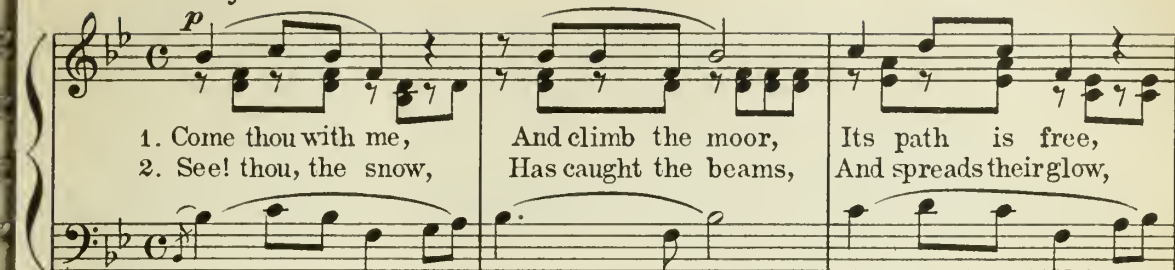
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3

Slowly

ALFRED S. GATTY

p



1. Come thou with me,
2. See! thou, the snow,

And climb the moor,
Has caught the beams,

Its path is free,
And spreads their glow,

cresc.

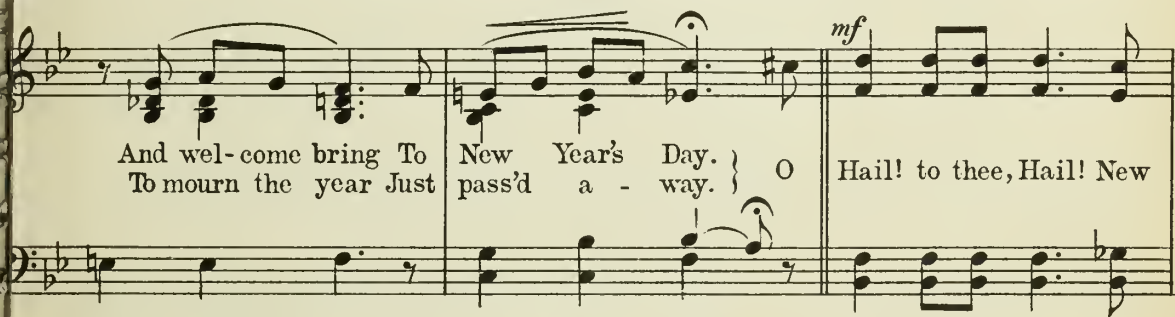


Now night is o'er,
In ro-sy streams,

There will we sing,
No night clouds drear,

dim.
This car-ol gay,
Nor shad-ows stay,

mf



And wel-come bring To New Year's Day. } O
To mourn the year Just pass'd a-way. }

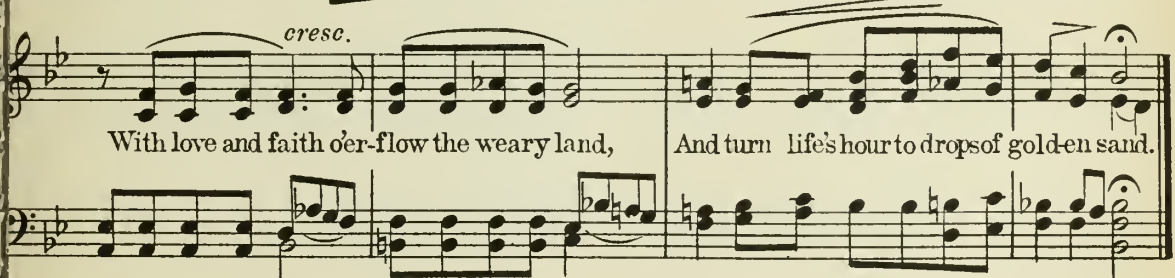
Hail! to thee, Hail! New

dim.



Year with ro-sy wings;
Touch thou the world and bid the sa-cred springs

cresc.



With love and faith o'er-flow the weary land,
And turn life's hour to drops of golden sand.

Winter, Goodbye!

Quietly

mf

1. Win - ter, good - bye, We'll nev - er sigh,
2. Win - ter, good - bye, Far a - way hie,

For now comes joy - ous Spring, when all the birds will sing,
With your cold winds and snows, which all our flow - ers froze,

cresc.

dim.

Win - ter, good - bye!
Win - ter, good - bye!

Win - ter, good - bye.
Win - ter, good - bye.

Calendar Song

Not too fast

mf

1. Six - ty sec - onds make a min - ute, Something sure you can learn in it;
2. Fif - ty - two weeks make a year, — Soon a new one will be here; —
3. Twen - ty - eight is all his share, With twen - ty - nine in each Leap year;

Six - ty min - utes make an hour, Work with all your might and pow'r,
Twelve long months a year will make, Say them now with - out mis - take.
That you may the Leap-year know, Divide by four and that will show,

f *dim.*

Twen - ty - four hours make a day, Time e - nough for work and play,
 Thir - ty days hath gay Sep - tem - ber, A - pril, June and cold No - vem - ber;
 In each year are sea - sons four, You will learn them I am sure;—

mf

Sev - en days a week will make; You will learn if pains you take.
 All the rest have thir - ty - one; Feb - ru - a - ry stands a - lone.
 Spring and Sum - mer, then the Fall; Win - ter, last, but best of all.

Days of Summer Glory

C. M. VON WEBER

Gaily *mf*

1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,
 2. Let our thoughts be ev - er Pure as yon - der sun;
 3. Mead - ows, fields and moun - tains, Clothed in shin - ing green;

cresc. *dim.* *f*

All your scenes so brilliant, They are dear to me.
 Gen - tle as the breezes, When the night comes on. La la
 Lit - tle rip - pling fountains, Thro' the wil - lows seen.

dim.

la, la la la, la la la, la, la, la la la, la la la la.

Summer is Coming!

ALFRED S. GATTY

Expressively

mf

1. No more frosts and no more snows! No more chil-blains on one's toes.
2. How I love you, mud-dy lane! How I love you, dirt and rain!

*cresc.**dim.*

No more red ends to one's nose, for Sum - mer is com - ing!
Oh! for one good splash a - gain, but Sum - mer is com - ing!

3. Sad regrets within me rise,
Tears gush out from both my eyes,
Thinking of you, sweet mud pies!
But Summer is coming.

4. Endless trials I've gone through,
Scourings - scoldings - smackings too,
All for love, dear friends, of you,
Yet Summer is coming!

Welcome To Spring

Gaily

mf

1. All the birds so gai - ly sing of the joys of Spring-time,
2. Ev - 'ry-thing seems hap - py now, for the Springtime's com - ing,

*cresc.**p*

Nev - er did we hear such songs, which the hap - py day pro - longs,
Play - ing, sing - ing, all re - joice, each one in - a dif - frent voice,

Wel - come Spring! with great de - light, with her blos - soms white.
All the earth is clothed in green, Na - ture's garb se - rene.

Come Back, Sweet May

Sweetly

mf

1. Come back, come back, sweet May, And bid the flow'rets bloom, The
2. I love the gold - en splendor Of gay and glori - ous June; I

birds sing on the spray, The skies their blue re - sume, Once
love the twi-light ten - der Of Au - tumn's har - vest moon; A -

cresc.

more I would be breath - ing, Thy fresh and fra - grant air! Once
las! that all such hours — So soon should pass a - way! Fill,

mf

cresc.

more I would be wreath - ing Thy blos - soms in my hair.
fill thy lap with flow - ers, Come back, come back, sweet May!

October Song

Slowly

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. In the sad month of Oct-o-ber, ba-by tod-dles up and down;
2. In the sad month of Oct-o-ber, far-mer John is bu-sy too,

Red cheeks shi-ning amid the dead leaves, Such a glow of red and brown,
Plough-ing fields and stor-ing root crops, He's as much as he can do.

3. In the sad month of October,
Gard'ners quite go off their heads,
What with planting bulbs for Springtime,
And with digging o'er the bed.

4. In the sad month of October,
Robin hopping up and down,
Red breast shining 'mid the dead leaves,
Such a glow of red and brown.

Lovely May

Gaily

1. Lovely May, love-ly May, Makes the world all fresh and gay,
2. Lovely May, love-ly May, Makes out-doors so nice each day,

Sun-shine here, sun-shine there, Flow-ers ev-ry-where;
Win-ter go! with your snow And cold winds that blow.

cresc.

Flit - ting like the
There's no sor - row

bu - sy bee,
in the spring

Lit - tle chil - dren
With the birds up -

you will see,
on the wing,

f

Love - ly May,
Love - ly May,

love - ly May,
love - ly May,

Ev - er fresh and
Ev - er fresh and

gay.
gay.

Spring's Message

Cheerfully

mf

1. Cuc - koo,
2. Cuc - koo,

Cuc - koo,
Cuc - koo,

calls from the
calls from the

tree,
tree,

cresc.

"Now let us
"Come to the

sing and
fields so

dance and be
plea - sant to

mer - ry,"
see, For,

mf

Cuc - koo,
Spring - time,

Cuc - koo,
Spring - time,

calls from the
comes mer - ri -

tree.
ly!

May-Day Song

ALFRED S. GATTY

Happily

mf

1. Un - der the May-pole gay, Mer-ri - ly danc - ing we,
 2. All round to - gether we go, Mer-ri - ly danc - ing we,

Lads here with las - sies play, O-ver the gras-sy lea;
 Blossoms to each we throw, O-ver the gras-sy lea;

cresc. *dim.*

Lads here with las - sies play, O-ver the gras-sy lea.
 Blossoms to each we throw, O-ver the gras-sy lea.

I Love The Summer Time

Gaily

mf

1. I love the cheer-ful sum-mer-time, With all its buds and flow'rs, Its
 2. I love the glad, the glo-rious sun, That gives us light and heat; I

ten-der grass so green and smooth Its cool re - fresh - ing showers. I
 love the pear-ly drops of dew, That fall down to her feet. I

love to hear the lit - tle birds that ca - rol 'mid the trees; I
love to lin - ger 'mid the hum of ev - er bus - y bees, And

love the gen - tle mur - mring stream, I love the eve - ning breeze.
note the man - y won - ders rare, My hap - py fan - cy sees.

New Year Song

ALFRED S. GATTY

Slowly

1. Up-on this first day of the year, It seems to me, my chil-dren
2. Up-on this first day of the year, Pray pro-mise me, my chil-dren

cresc. dear, That if you could, you real-ly should, Be ve - ry good, I wish you
dear, That come what may, you will o - bey, What nurse may say, Both night and

a tempo. would Un- til this ve - ry day next year— this ve - ry day next year.
day Un- til this ve - ry day next year— this ve - ry day next year.

rall.

July Song

Not too fast

ALFRED S. GATTY

mf

1. In the month of hot Ju - ly, All things are quite boil - ing,
 2. Dogs that used to bark and run, Si - lent - ly are crawl - ing,

Red-hot sun and cloud-less sky Flow'rs and shrubs are spoil - ing
 Shad-ed from the scorch-ing sun By some friend - ly wall - ing,

mf

Green leaves fast are turn-ing brown, Grass has stopp'd a - grow - ing,
 An - i - mals of ma - ny kinds, Wan - der through the mea - dow,

Lil - ies hang their proud heads down Streams have ceas'd a - flow - ing.
 And with grunt or neigh or snort, Seek the friend-ly shad - ows

mf

Na - ture calls, but calls in vain, Sad - ly is she cry - ing

cresc.

Just for one good show'r of rain, Else she will of thirst be dy - ing.

Welcome, Sweet Springtime!

Gaily but not too fast

A. RUBINSTEIN

mf *cresc.*

1. Wel - come, sweet Spring - time! We greet thee in song,
2. Wel - come, sweet Spring - time! What joy now is ours,

dim.

Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear,
Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes, —

cresc.

Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full notes pro - long —
Flo - ra thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers.

dim.

E - cho - ing far and near.
Long - ing for thy com - mands.

Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!

J. R. PLANCHE

Waltz Time

mf

1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Young - est
 2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gus - ty

sea - son of the year, Hith - er haste, and
 March be - fore thee flies, Gloom - y Win - ter

cresc.

with thee bring A - pril with her smile and
 ban - ish - ing; Clear - ing for thy path the

f

tears; Hand in hand with joc - und May
 skies, Flocks and herds, and meads and bow'rs,

Bent on keep - ing hol - i - day. With thy
 For thy gra - cious pres - ence long! Come and

dai - sy di - a - dem, And thy robe of bright-est
fill the fields with flow'rs Come and fill the woods with

mf cresc poco - - a - - poco f
green song, We will wel - come thee and them, As ye've ev - er
song, We will wel - come thee and them, As ye've ev - er

mf
wel - comed been. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring!

Young - est sea - son of the year, Life and joy to

na - ture bring; Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee here.

The Springtime

Not too fast

ALFRED S. GATTY

mf

1. The hy-a - cinth and daf - fo - dil, Are shin-ing in the bed; Un-
 2. The sun has gone, the last warm ray Is fad-ing on the lea; The

touch'd up - on the win-dow sill, The ro - bin leaves his bread; Soft
 cro - cus clos-ing with the day, En- snares the la - den bee. Pale

mf

breez - es o'er the com-mon blow, The cop-ses bud a - gain; The
 mists a-long the mea-dows lie, The bee-tle takes his flight; The

streams are flush'd with melt-ing snow, And ear - ly fall-ing rain.
 black rooks wan - der o'er the sky, And call the hour of night. The

mf

cuc-koos and the thrush-es sing, "The Spring! the Spring!" The

cresc. *dim.*

cuc-koos and the thrush-es sing, "The Spring! the Spring!"

Polish May Song

Gaily

cresc.

1 May is here, the world re-joices, Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
2 Birds through ev-'ry thick-et call-ing Wake the woods to sounds of glad-ness:

cresc.

Grove and field lift up their voi-ces Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall-ing Sad, but pleas-ant in their sad-ness

Hap-py May, blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way!

f

Hap-py May, blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way!

SONGS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

In all the scenes of child-life there is no more charming picture than that of a little girl singing some dainty song. Here will be found a wide variety of songs suitable for little girls, all of sweetest sentiment, and all within the capabilities of the average child. You will experience no difficulty in interesting her in ditties about her doll or her daddy, or her pets, all of which are to be found in this section of the book. Teaching children to sing alone is one means of character-moulding by inculcating in them the spirit of self-reliance.

The Lost Doll

Expressively

mf

1. I once had a sweet lit-tle doll, dears, The pret- ti-est doll in the world; Her
2. I found my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the health one day;— Folks

cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her hair was so charm-ing-ly curled, But I
say she is ter-ri-bly changed, dears, For her paint— is all washed a- way, And her

lost— my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day;— And I
arm trod-den off by the cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit curled, Yet for

cried— for more than a week, dears, But I nev- er could find where she lay.—
old sake's sake, she— is still, dears, The pret- ti-est doll in the world.

The Little Tin Soldier

Not too slowly

J. L. MOLLOY

1. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had he;
 2. Once as he watch'd his rose-love, Winds from the north did blow,
 3. Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is dance-ing gay,

She was a lit-tle fai-ry dan-cer, Bright as bright could be.
 Swept him out of the case-ment Down to a stream be-low.
 He is worn and fad-ed, Loy-al still for aye.

She had a cas-tle and gar-den, He but an old box dim;
 True to his lit-tle la-dy, Still he shoulder'd his gun,
 Then came a hand that swept them, In-to a fur-nace wide,

She was a dain-ty rose-love, Far too grand for him.
 Soon, ah soon came the dark-ness, Life and love un-done.
 Part-ed in life, in dy-ing They are side by side.

He was a lit-tle tin sol dier, One lit-tle leg had he.
 He was a lit-tle tin sol dier, One lit-tle leg had he.
 Ah! for the lit-tle tin sol dier, Ah! for her cru-el-

1st & 2d verses

mf *allegretto*

Brave - ly shoulder'd his musk - et, Fain her love would be.
Ne'er in the world a lov - er Half so true could be.

dim.

for 3d verse

heart. There lies her rose in ash - es, There his loy-al lit-tle

rit.

heart. *Lento* *p* (Dead march of the tin soldier)

Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be?

Lively

1. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!
2. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!

What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to buy me a
What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to bring me a

mf

trin - ket to please me, An then for a smile, O he vowed he would tease me, He
bas - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of lil - ies, A gift of red ros - es, A

prom - ised to bring me a bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bonnie brown hair.
lit - tle straw hat to set off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Dolly And Her Mamma

Not too fast

mf

1. Dol - ly, you're a naugh - ty girl, All your hair is out of
2. Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you go - ing to o -

cresc.

curl, And you've torn your lit - tle shoe. Oh! what must I do with
bey? That's what moth - er says to me, So I know it's right, you

p

rit.

you? You shall on - ly have dry bread, Dol - ly, you shall go to bed.
see; For some - times I'm naugh - ty too, Dol - ly, dear, as well as you.

Words Adapted

My Dolly

Slow Waltz Time

Old College Song

mf

1. My dol - ly lies here in her cra - dle, She's sleep - ing so
 2. Just see how her blue eyes will o - pen, Then see how they

calm and so sweet, But she will wake up in the
 al - so will close, How dear to my heart is my

morn - ing, And with a sweet smile me she'll greet,
 dol - ly, I'm sure that no one of you knows,

p *cresc.* *poco* *a* *poco*

Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by Sleep, lit - tle dol - ly of mine, of

p

mine, Don't cry, don't sigh, For your lit - tle mam - ma is near.

The Dustman

J. L. MOLLOY

Slowly

p

1. When the toys are grow-ing wea-ry and the twi-light gath-ers
smiles the good old Dust-man, in their eyes the dust he

in, When the nur-sry still re- ech-oes to the chil-dren's mer-ry
throws, Till their lit-tle heads are fall-ing, and their mer-ry eyes must

din; Then un- heard, un- seen, un- no- ticed comes an old man up the
close; Then the Dust- man, ver- y gen- tly, takes each lit- tle dim-pled

stair, Light-ly to the chil- dren pass- es, Lays his hand up- on their
hand, Leads them through the sweet green for- ests, far a- way in slum- ber

1. hair. Soft-ly 2. land, far a- way in slum-ber-land, far a- way in slum-ber-land.

Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?

Gaily

mf

1. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? Where are you go - ing to
 2. "Shall I go with you my pret - ty maid? Shall I go with you
 3. "What is your for - tune, my pret - ty maid? What is your for - tune

my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said,
 my pret - ty maid?" "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said,
 my pret - ty maid?" "My face is my for - tune, Sir," she said,

"Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.
 "Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "Yes if you please, kind Sir," she said.
 "Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "My face is my for - tune, Sir," she said.

4. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid
 Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
 "Nobody asked you," "Sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said.
 "Nobody asked you," "Sir," she said.

Maggie's Pet

Slowly

p

1. Sweet Mag - gie had a lit - tle bird, And "Gold - ie" was his name, And
 2. A lump of su - gar sweet and white, Would Mag - gie give her Dick, And
 3. A - las! one day a hun - gry cat, With ver - y spite - ful eyes, Be -

on her hand he used to sit, He was so ver - y tame. Her
then she'd watch how ea - ger - ly, He'd fly to it and peck; And
held poor Gold - ie's o - pen cage, Oh! what a glad sur - prise. So

ro - sy lips he'd of - ten peck, Which meant a lov - ing kiss, Oh!
such a mer - ry song he'd sing, To thank her for the treat, For
mew - ing loud with cru - el glee, She spread her wick - ed claws, And

f would not you de - light to have a pret - ty bird like this.
lit - tle hirds (like lit - tle girls) love some - thing nice to eat.
soon the ten - der lit - tle bird, was fixed with - in her paws.

dim et rit.

4. I do not care to tell how much our darling Maggie cried,
Or how she kiss'd the empty cage the day poor birdie died.
One little golden feather, soft, I know she treasures yet,
'Twas all the cruel, spiteful cat did leave of Maggie's pet.

Little Fisherm maiden.

I. WALDMANN

Not too fast

p Lit - tle Fish - er - maid - en, Skies with storms are lad - en!

fp Tempt no more a - lone the sea, Dan - ger's wait - ing there for thee!

mf

Lit - tle Fish - er - maid - en, Skies with storms are lad - en!

cresc.

Tempt no more a - lone the sea! Dan - ger waits for thee. —

There's Music In The Air

G. R. ROOT

Not too fast

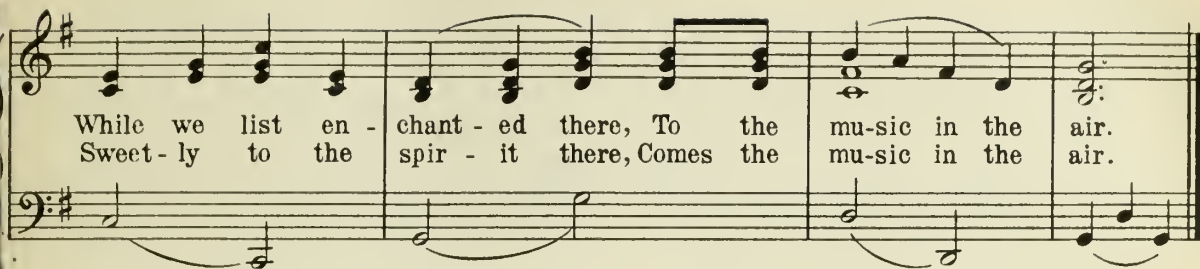
mf

1. There's mu-sic in the air — When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu-sic in the air — When the moon-tide's sul - try beam Re-

faint its blush is seen — On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
fleets a gold - en light — On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.

mf

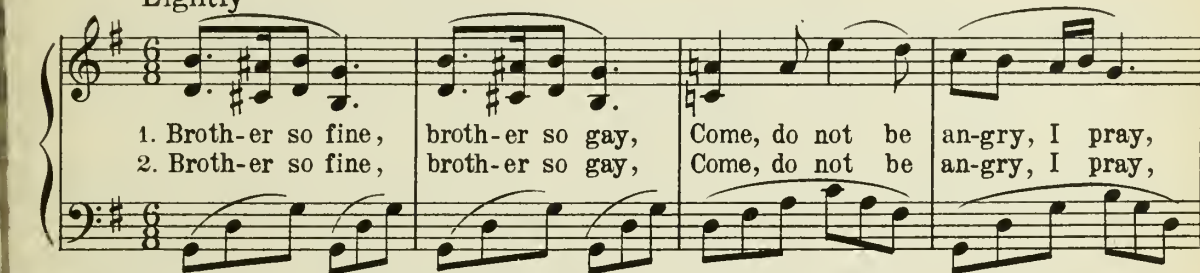
Man-y a harp's ex - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro-found,
When be-neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,



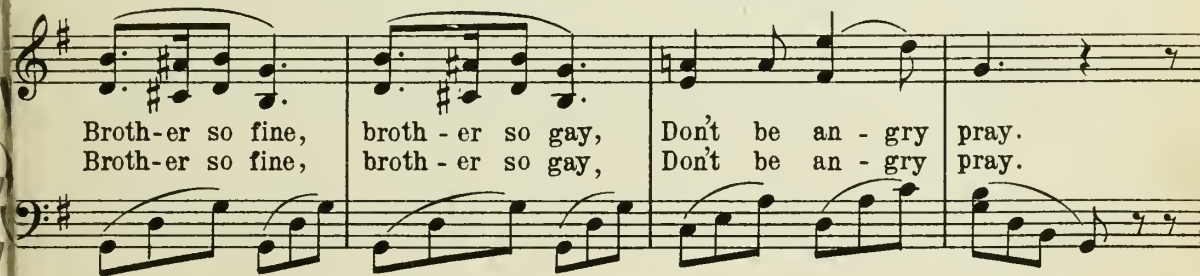
While we list en - chant - ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the mu-sic in the air.

Brother So Fine

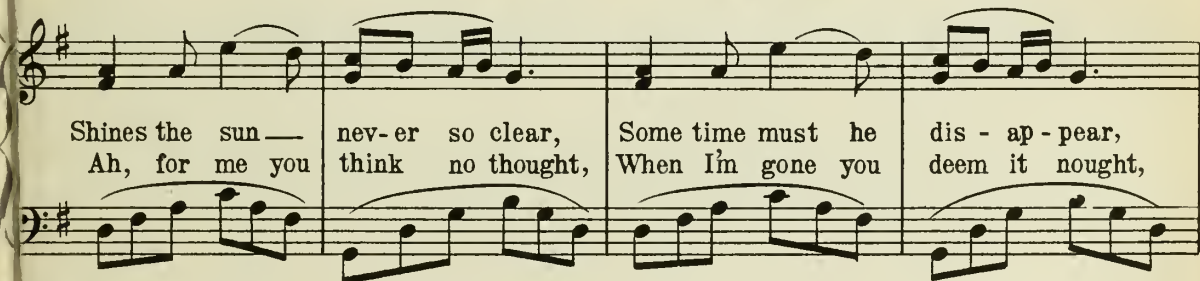
Lightly



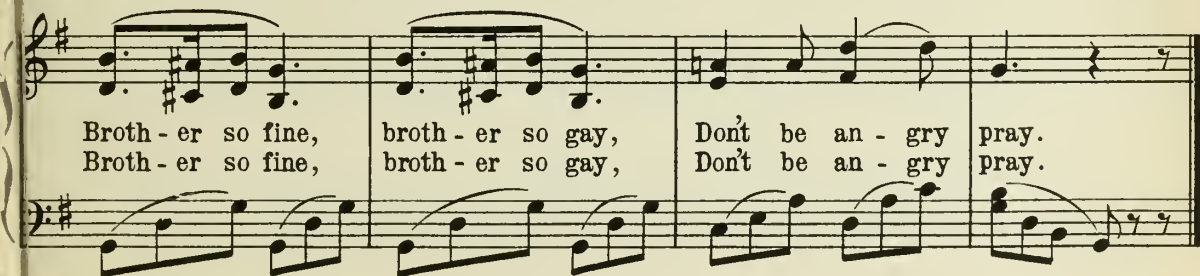
1. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray,
2. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray,



Broth-er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Broth-er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.



Shines the sun — nev-er so clear, Some time must he dis - ap - pear,
Ah, for me you think no thought, When I'm gone you deem it nought,



Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.

Daddy

F. BEHREND

Slowly

p *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is
 2. Why do your big tears fall, Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a way, I

just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour that mother loves best. The
 of - ten seem to hear her voice fall-ing a - cross my play. And it

cresc.

day has been long with- out you Dad-dy, You've been such a while a way, And
 some - times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's none of it true, Till I

cresc.

now you're as tir'd of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tir'd of my play. But
 fall a - sleep to dream, Dad-dy, Of home and moth-er any you. For

p *mf*

I've got you and you've got me, So ev - ry-thing seems right, I wonder if moth-er 'is
 I've got you and you've got me, So ev - ry-thing may go, Were all the world to each

thinking of us. Be - cause — it is — my birth - day night. —
oth - er, dad, For moth - er, dear moth - er once told — me so.

Lady Moon

Sweetly

1. La - dy moon, la - dy moon, where are you rov - ing?
2. Are you not tir - ed with roll - ing and nev - er

"O - ver the sea." — La - dy moon, la - dy moon,
Rest - ing to sleep? — Why look so pale, and so

whom are you lov - ing? "All that love me." —
sad as for - ev - er wish - ing to weep? —

3. Ask me not this, little child: if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

4. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Little Girl's Good-Night

ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too slowly

p

1. Past eight o'clock, and it's bed-time for dol - ly; Past eight o'clock, and it's
 2. Nurse, put the light out, for I am so sleep-y; Shut your eyes,

clock, and it's bed-time for me; Dol - ly must lie on my
 dol - ly, and give me a kiss; Nur - sey, good-night, I shall

cresc. *dim.*

nice lit - tle pil - low, Dol - ly and I are quite sure to a -
 see you to - mor - row, Call me and dol - ly, and mind you don't

p

gree. Good-night, pa - pa! good-night, mamma! good-night to all the rest; Good-
 miss.

pp

night, mamma! good-night, pa - pa! I love my dol - ly best. Good-night! Good-night!

In the large cities where the children are hemmed in on all sides by great buildings and where they walk or play only on asphalt sidewalks they see little of the birds, and it is only through their school lessons and through these little songs that they may learn of the birds at all. You will find for their instruction as well as amusement, songs about the robin, the wren, the bluebird, and also such everyday feathered-folk as the sparrow and the crow, each of them teaching the necessary lesson of sympathy and kindness.

Little Robin Red-Breast

Lightly

mf

1. Lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast sat up - on a tree,
2. Lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast jump'd up - on a wall,

cresc.

dim.

Up — went — pus - sy - cat, and down — went — he;
Pus - sy - cat jump'd af - ter him and al - most got a fall;

Down — came — pus - sy - cat, a - way — Rob - in ran; Says
Lit - tle Rob - in chirp'd and sang, and what did Pus - sy say? —

cresc.

dim.

lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast, "Catch me if you can!"
Pus - sy - cat said "Mew! — and Rob - in flew a - way!"

Were I A Little Bird

Sweetly

p *cresc.* *mf*

1. Were I a lit - tle bird, I would then fly a - way,
 2. So, now, my lit - tle bird, Fly a - way with - out fear,

O - ver the sea. But, since I can - not fly,
 I will stay here. But, when the Spring-time comes,

cresc. *mf*

But, since I can - not fly, Home I must stay!
 But, when the Spring-time comes, Fly back to me!

The Three Crows

Lively

mf

Three crows there were once who sat on a stone, Fal la, la, la, la, la, — But
 two flew a - way, And then there was one, Fal la, la, la, la, la, — The

mf

oth-er crow felt so tim-id a-lone, Fal la, la, la, la, la, — That

he flew a-way, and then there was none, Fal la, la, la, la, la, —

The Butterfly's Ball

Waltz time

p

1. Come, lit-tle folks has-ten, I beg of you all, To the grass-hop-per's
 2. And there came the moth with her plum-age of down, And the hor-net with
 3. As eve-ning gave way to the shad-ows of night, Their watchman, the

cresc. *dim.*

feast, and the but-ter-fly's ball, The trump-et-er, Gad-fly, has
 jack-et of yel-low and brown, And with him the wasp, his com-
 glow-worm, came out with his light, So home let us has-ten, while

cresc. *dim.*

summon'd the crew, And the rev-els are now on-ly wait-ing for you.
 pan-ion, did bring, But they prom-ised that eve-ning to lay by their sting.
 yet we can see, For no watch-man is wait-ing for you and for me!

Sweet Song-Bird

J. L. MOLLOY

Gaily

mf

Mer-ry of heart, ye song birds, Mer-ry of heart to - day! —
 Blue is the sky a - bove us, Calm-ly the wa - ters flow, —

*cresc.**dim.**dim.*

Far thro' the gold-en sun - shine, Far on your glad-some way, — Oh,
 On by the for-est old - en, Rich in the au-tumn glow! — Oh,

*cresc.**dim.*

p song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease not your thrill - ing lay — Oh,
 song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease not your glad - some lay — Oh,

1st Ending

dim.

song - bird, sweet song - bird, Glad are our hearts to - day!

2nd Ending

*cresc.**mf*

Song - bird, sweet song - bird, Glad are our hearts to - day!

Singing In The Rain

Not too slow

mf

1. Where the elm-tree branch-es, By the rain are stirred, Care-less of the
 2. From their heav-y frin-ges, Pour their drops a-main; Still the bird is
 3. Cheer-ful sum-mer pro-phet! List'ning to thy song, How my fainting

show-er, Swings a lit-tle bird: Clouds may frown and dark-en;
 sing-ing, Sing-ing in the rain. O thou hope-ful sing-er,
 spir-it, Grow-eth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gath-er,

Drops may fall in vain; Lit-tle heeds the war-bler, Sing-ing in the
 Whom my faith per-ceives To a dove trans-fig-ured, Bring-ing ol-ive
 Let the sun-shine wane, If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the

cresc.

rain. Dim-mer fall the shad-ows, Mist-ier grows the air, —
 leaves; Ol-ive leaves of prom-ise, Types of joy to be; —
 rain. Let the black clouds gath-er, Let the sun-shine wane, —

Still the thick clouds gath-er, Dark-ning here and there.
 How in doubt and tri-al Learns my heart of thee,
 If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain.

The Sparrow On The Tree

ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too fast

mf

1. "Come in, you naught-y bird, The rain is pour-ing down, What
2. "Come in, you naught-y bird, I see you're ver-y cold, So

will your moth-er do, If you sit there and drown? You
come in here at once, Or I shall have to scold. If

are a ver-y thought-less bird, and nev-er think of me." "I'm
you stay out I know you'll have the 'Rhumatics' in the knee." "I'm

sure I do not care," said the spar-row on the tree.
sure I do not care," said the spar-row on the tree.

3. "Come in, my darling bird,
And sit by me in here,
I'll dry your little wings,
They must be wet, I fear;
Please come into this barn, my son,
And 'cuddle' close to me —"
But ne'er another word
Said the sparrow on the tree.

4. The little bird was drowned;
The mother hung her head;
Next morning, as I passed,
I found her lying dead,
So never say, "You do not care,"
For "don't care," as you see,
Is certain to be drowned,
Like the sparrow on the tree.

Robin! Robin!

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ALFRED S. GATTY

Lively

mf

1. Dear lit-tle Rob-in perch'd up in a tree, Chirp-ing and hop-ping so
2. Ver-y well Rob-in, since you will not play, I shall not with you one

hap-py and free, Come in, dear Rob-in, and play with poor me,
mo-moment more stay, Rude lit-tle Rob-in, now hear what I say,

Rob-in! Rob-in! and play with poor me, Rob-in! Rob-in! and play with poor me.
Rob-in! Rob-in! I wish you good-day, Rob-in! Rob-in! I wish you good-day.

The Little Bird

Cheerily

mf

1. Came a bird-ie a-fly-ing, On my foot he did
2. Dear— bird-ie, fly back now, With a mes-sage and

light, In his bill he'd a let-ter, With greet-ing so bright.
kiss, For I may not go too— Lest me they should miss.

Cock Robin And Jenny Wren

Gaily
mf

1. 'Twas in a mer-ry time, When Jen-ny Wren was young, So
2. "My dear-est Jen-nie Wren, If you will but be mine, You shall

neat-ly as she danc'd And so sweet-ly as she sung, Rob-in
dine on cher-ry pie_, And drink nice cur-rant wine; _ I'll

cresc.

Red-breast lost his heart, He was a gal-lant bird, He
dress you like a gold-finch, Or like a pea-cock gay, So

mf

doff'd his cap to Jen-ny Wren, re-quest-ing to be heard.
if you'll have me Jen-ny, dear, Let us ap-point the day."

3. Jenny blush'd behind her fan and thus declared her mind,
"So let it be to-morrow, Rob, I'll take your offer kind
Cherry pie is very good and so is currant wine,
But I will wear my plain brown gown, and never dress up fine."
4. Robin Redbreast got up early, all at the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house, and sang a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast and pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end, he then began again.

Cuckoo!

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ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too fast

mf

mf

1. Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!
2. Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!

cresc.

Pret - ty bird, say, Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Pri - thee, so gay?
Pray, Mis - tress Spring, Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! What do you bring?

Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! I loud - ly sing, The near ap - proach of our
Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Sweet scent - ed May, Sun - shine to glad - den the

p

friend Mis - tress Spring. Ah! dear mis - tress Spring.
chil - dren at play. Ah! chil - dren at play.

3. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! You at the best,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Are but a guest,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! No sooner here
Than you are gone, till the following year.
Ah! gone till next year.

4. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! We almost cry
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Saying good-bye!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Promise, dear, do,
Not to forget us, we shan't forget you!
Ah! Cuckoo, Adieu!

The Bluebird

CH. DEBERIOT

Gaily

mf

1. Sweet bird, thy ear - ly note is gay, In wood - land or in
2. Sweet bird, I hear thy wel - come call, As on thy hal - cyon

glade; — It tells of flow'rs that ne'er de - cay, Of joys that nev - er
wing; — Now joy - ous swell, now gen - tly fall, Sweet warb - ler of the

fade; — Thy song, so sweet - ly it doth float O'er leaf - y bank and
Spring! — How man - y hours I sat and heard Thy ten - der, lov - ing

dell, It seems some spir - it's mock - ing note From Ech - o's sil - ver shell. —
lay, Oh! thou didst seem some spir - it bird From E - den lands a - way. —

cresc.

Eight Little Birds

ALFRED S. GATTY

Slowly

mf

1. Eight lit - tle birds with - in one nest Were ten - ded thro' the ear - ly
2. When of their mo - ther's care be - rept These lit - tle birds be - gan - to

Spring By her who knew their wants the best, And
 roam, Some flew a - way to dis - tant lands, While

taught them how to fly and sing. — As time went on, these
 oth - ers clung to their old home. — They all could sing, but

cresc. lit - tle birds Then saw their lov - ing moth - er die: But e'er she left her
 one there was Who sang so sweet - ly and so clear, That when she raised her

rit. *f* lit - tle brood, She taught them one and all to — fly.
 love - ly voice, The oth - ers ceased, and came to — hear.

3. One day she soared, and soaring sang
 A song that sounded far and wide;
 But as she reached the last long note,
 This little songstress drooped and died.
 They mourn her loss, these little birds,
 As to their work they saddened fly;
 But this they know, tho' she is dead,
 The songs she sang will never die.

The Burial Of The Robin

ALFRED S. GATTY

Slowly

cresc.

1. Found in the gar - den, dead in his beau - ty.
 2. Bur - y him kind - ly up in the cor - ner;

Ah! that a rob - in should die in the Spring! Oh,
 Bird, beast and gold - fish are se - pul - chered there. Oh,

bu - ry him now in pi - ti - ful du - ty,
 bid the black kit - ten march as chief mourn - er,

Muf - fle the din - ner bell, So - lemn - ly ring.
 Wav - ing her tail like a plume in the air.

3. Bury him nobly - next to the donkey;
 Fetch the old banner, and wave it about;
 Bury him deeply - think of the monkey:
 Shallow his grave, and the dogs got him out.

4. Bury him softly - white wool around him,
 Kiss his poor feathers - the first kiss and last;
 Tell his poor widow kind friends have found him,
 Plant his poor grave with whatever grows fast.

5. Farewell, sweet singer! dead in thy beauty,
 Silent through summer, though other birds sing
 Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
 Muffle the dinner - bell, mournfully ring

This section of "Songs the Children Love to Sing" includes a number of songs about matters dear to boys' hearts. There are songs about hunters and soldiers; about horses and ponies; about sailboats and humming tops - in fact they are all on subjects in which boys take an active and enthusiastic interest. Aside from the fact that singing is good and healthful for our little ones, it will undoubtedly be found that they themselves will like to sing these songs, and it would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture than one or more sturdy youngsters singing them.

Soldier Song

March time

R. SCHUMANN

mf

A dapplegrey horse, and a bright shiny gun; And a stout wooden sword, We will surely have fun, For

cresc.

I am a sol-dier, as well you can see, And I march with a sol-dier's stride, you'll a-gree, With

cresc.

brave heart I leave each morn-ing our house, And come back at noon-day still as a mouse, So

f

when I have had my day's ex-er-cise, I will lie in my bed till the sun's a - rise.

Sister Ruth

Melody by JOS. HAYDN

Slowly

mf (Boy)

(Girl)

1. "Dost thou love me, 2. "Wilt thou pro-mise Sis - ter Ruth? to be mine? Say, say, say!" "As I fain would fair?" "Take my hand, my

*cresc.**mf* (Boy)

speak the truth, heart is thine, Yea, yea, There, there, yea." "Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, heart is thine, There, there, there!" "Let us then the bar - gain seal,

(Girl)

cresc.

pret-ty Sis-ter Ruth;" Oh, dear me, heigh - o!" "That has been the case with me, dear en-gag-ing youth!" "My, how ver-y glad I feel, O! dear me, heigh - o!"

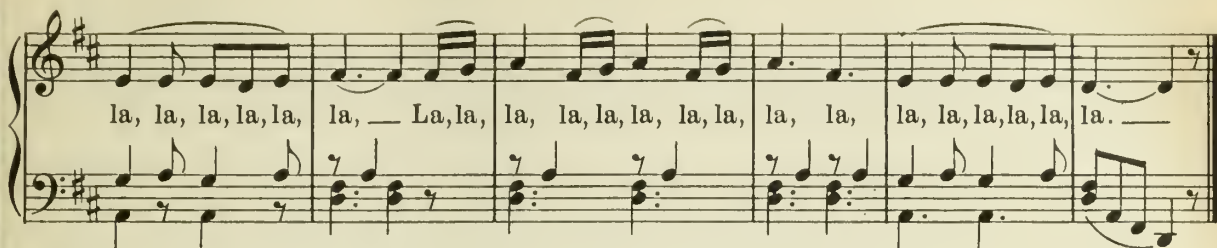
Note: This makes a charming duet for a little boy and a little girl in Quaker costume.

Hunter's Song

German Air

Gaily

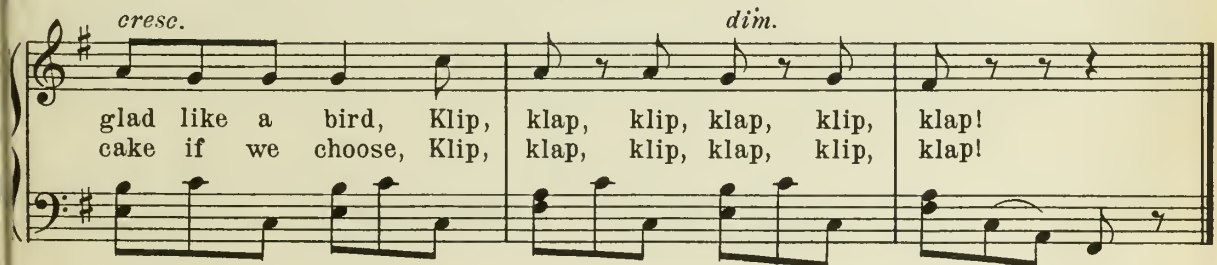
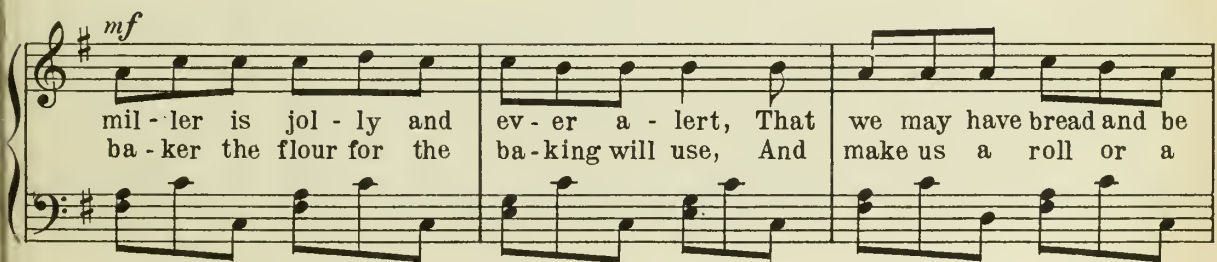
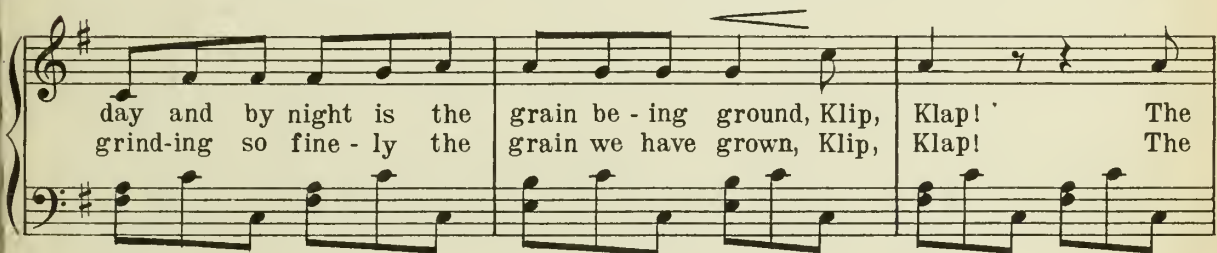
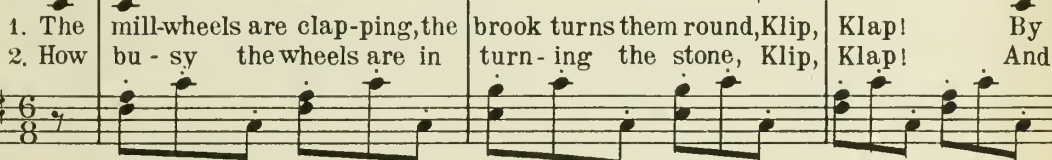
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The Mill-Wheel

Quickly

mf



The Young Recruit

Quick March Time

F. W. KÜCKEN

Ev - 'ry boy who'd be a sol - dier, He must

learn to shoot a gun, Then his train - ing's just be - gun, He must

cresc bear it high on his shoul - der He must

charge his foe up - on the run, For

mf ev - 'ry young re - cuit, he must learn to brave - ly shoot, He must

bear him - self quite well, ev - en midst the shot and

mf
shell, For a sol - dier must be - have, so the foe will know he's

brave, and with firm and haught - y step,

— he must march on to meet his coun - try's — foes!

The Little Drummer

March Time

1. If I could play in a big brass band, I would play on the big bass drum.
2. And ev-'ry time that the band would play, You'd hear it go "bounboun boun!"

The Dancing Lesson

Allegretto

(Gretel)

Bro-ther come and dance with me, Both my hands I'm of-fring thee,

First this way, then that way, Then a-round, it is- n't hard.

p (Hansel) *mf* *p* Dance would I if I knew how, when to dance and

how to bow, Please tell me what I ought to do, so I can dance the

f *tr* *p* (Both) steps like you- Now with your foot, go tap, tap, tap, With your hands go clap, clap, clap.

Note: This makes a very nice duet for a boy and a girl.

cresc. 1. *dim.* 2. *dim.*

Once this way, Once that way, Then a-round, it is not hard. It's not ve-ry hard. *sfz*

The Jolly Miller

Lively

Old English

mf

1. There was a jol-ly mil-ler once lived on the riv-er Dee, — He
2. I live by my mill, she is to me like pa-rent, child and wife! — I

worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe then he, — And
would not change my sta - tion for an - y oth-er in life, — No

dim.

this the bur - den of his song for ev - er used to be, } "I
law-yer, sur - geon, doc - tor ev - er had a groat from me, }

f *rit.*

care for no - bod - y, no, not I, and no-bod - y cares for me." —

The Merry Swiss Boy

Lively

*mf**cresc*

1. Come a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy
 2. "Am not I, am not I, a — mer - ry Swiss boy, When I

pail, and to la - bor a - way. Come, a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my
 hie to the moun-tain a - way? Am not I, am not I, a

brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to la - bor a - way. The sun is — up with
 mer - ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the moun-tain a - way? For there a shep-herd

rud - dy beam, the kine are throng - ing to the — stream Come, a -
 mai - den dear, a - waits my song with list - 'ning — ear, Am not

rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail and to la - bor a - way.
 I, am not I, a — mer - ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the moun-tain a - way?"

The Hobby Horse

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Quickly

f

1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where'tis smooth and where'tis ston-y,
 2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go, Ve - ry well, my lit - tle po - ny,

trudge a - long, my lit - tle po - ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top.
 safe's our jaunt tho' rough and ston-y, Spare, spare, spare spare, spare! Sure e - nough we're there.

The Sail-Boat

Smoothly

D. E. AUBER

1. Up - on our lit - tle lake — the ti - ny sail - boat skims a - long,
 2. Well load it up with gold, — and send it o - ver for - eign seas,

With its sails — so full of air, Tho' the tide be strong. —
 Soon it will — come back a - gain, With the friend - ly breeze. —

cresc. *dim.*

The Humming Top

Merrily

mf Close the lips.

1. Hum, Hum, goes my top, when on the ground I let it drop.
 2. Hum, Hum, goes my top, seems — as tho' 'twould nev - er stop!

The Boy And The Cuckoo

Quickly

1. A lit-tle boy went out to shoot one day, And car-ried his ar - rows and
2. The lit-tle boy drew up his bow to his eye, And aimed it right straight for a -

bow: For guns— are dan - ger - ous play - things, they say In the
while: The lit - tle bird laughed and a - way it did fly, "A —

hands of small chil - dren, you know, A lit - tle bird sat on a
miss is as good as a mile." The lit - tle boy threw down his

cher - ry tree, And whist - led and said "No, you can't shoot me." } Cuck -
bow and cried, The lit - tle bird laughed till it al - most died. }

Softly

oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo. —

Comrades

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FELIX McGLENNON

Slow waltz time

mf Com - - rades, *cresc.* com - rades, ev - er since we were

boys, *cresc.* Shar-ing each oth - er's sor - rows, shar-ing each

dim. oth - er's joys, Com-rades when man-hood was dawn - ing,

mf Faith-ful what - e'er may be - tide, When dan-ger threat-ened, my

cresc. dar-ling old *dim.* com-rade was there by my side.

Fiddle And I

A. GOODEVE

Gaily
mf

Ah! it was gay, night and day, Fair and cloud - y weather.

cresc. e rit.

Fid - dle and I, wan - der - ing by, O - ver the world to - geth - er,

a tempo

Fid - dle and I, wan - der - ing by, O - ver the world to - geth -

f *dim.* *f*

er. (Strike as if tuning a violin) O - ver the world to - geth - er.

1 2

Buy A Broom

Waltz time

mf

1. From Deutsch-land I come with my light wares all la - den, To the
2. To brush a - way in - sects that some - times an - noy you, You'll

land where the bless - ing of free - dom doth bloom; Then
find it — quite hand - y to use night and day; And

lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret - ty maid - en, Oh,
what bet - ter ex - er - cise pray can em - ploy you, Than to

buy of — the — wand - 'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
sweep all — vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way?

The Faithful Comrade

March time

mf

cresc.

German Song

1. I had a faith - ful com - rade, One — bet - ter you'd ne'er
2. A bul - let came a - fly - ing, Un - de - cid - ed whom 'twould

find, And — when the drum - beats called to war, with
hit, Then my faith - ful com - rade fell to earth, sore

cresc. *mf*

me he gai - ly — march'd be - fore, With me he gai - ly —
wound - ed at my — ver - y feet, As if he were a —

f

march'd, yes, gai - ly march'd be - fore.
part of me, a part of — me.

The Jolly Huntsman

Gaily
mf

1. The jol - ly hunts-man rides his horse thro' all the for - est green, As
2. He sad - dles up his horse and shoul - der - ing his trust - ty gun, He

cresc. *f*

hap - py as can be, As hap - py as can be. } "Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the
rides so mer - ri - ly, He rides so mer - ri - ly.

jol - ly hunts-man's life for me" he sings so mer - ri - ly, He sings so mer - ri - ly.

Robinson Crusoe

185

Lively

mf

1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A — ver-y good friend I did
 2. He saved from a-board an old gun and a sword, And an-oth-er odd mat-ter or

lose, O! I war-rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob-in-son
 two, so by dint of his thrift, he just man-aged to shift, And keep a-live Rob-in-son

CHORUS

Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Rob-in-son Cru-soe! He —
 Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Whether

went off to sea and be-tween you and me, Old Nep-tune wreck'd Rob-in-son Cru-soe.
 tem-pest or Turk, — or wild man or work, No mat-ter to Rob-in-son Cru-soe.

My Pony

Quickly

mf

1. I ride my po-ny ev-'ry-where, You'd know him by his shag-gy hair.
 2. He's just as kind as he can be, And glad-ly goes a-round with me.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

Of all the year's holidays, Christmas is undoubtedly the dearest and most eagerly looked forward to by every child. The advent of Christmastide brings forth their finest feelings and emotions—the pleasure of giving and of receiving; the joy of wishing and being wished all of the good things which life can give us. So it is that this section of our book contains joyous songs in the form of Christmas carols, Yuletide hymns and songs celebrating each festive incident of this greatest of days. For little ones to sing these songs is to instill in them a greater reverence and a deeper knowledge of the day's meaning.

Carol, Children, Carol

Joyously

Old English

mf

Car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol the good

ti - dings, O car - ol mer - ri - ly. - ly. And wish a glad - some

cresc. *f*

Christ - mas To each good lit - tle child, Car - ol, chil - dren

Fine. *mf*

car - ol, O car - ol mer - ri - ly. Car - ol but in glad - ness.

not in songs of earth, On the Sav-iour's birth-day, hal-lowed be our

cresc. mirth; While a thou-sand bless-ings, *cresc.* fill our hearts with

f glee, Christ-mas Day will keep the feast of char-i-ty. *D.C.al Fine*

Upon A Lowly Manger

M. ATWOOD

Slowly p Up-on a low-ly man-ger, Our Lord was laid, they say.

cresc. — While an-gel voi-ces sang his praise from Heav-en far a-way — *dim.*

Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

Slowly

FRANZ GRUBER

p

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light,
 2. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Dark-ness flies and all is light!
 3. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!

Yon - der where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,
 Shep - herds hear - the an - gels sing: Hal - le - lu - jah! hail the King!
 See the East - ern wise - men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!

cresc. *dim.*

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, - Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! - Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! - Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! -

Christmas Song

Gladly

p

1. Ev - 'ry year there comes to us the dear Christ - child,
 2. Gives each one his bless - ing, all in ev - 'ry home,

cresc. *dim.*

Once to earth a - gain With way so meek and mild.
 In our hearts to keep it, Ev - 'ry - where we roam.

A Christmas Carol

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With spirit

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. Kind Christmas comes but once a year, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! And
2. To shep-herds, in those days of old, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! A

with it brings right heart-y cheer; Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! For
heav'n-ly band the glad news told, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! In

years a-go, up-on this morn, Our Sa-viour as a child was born. Ring
Beth-le-hem is born this day He who will wash all sin a-way, Ring

mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong!
mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong!

3. This new-born Babe to children brings,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
A message from the King of Kings,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
"Peace and Good-will, Good-will and Peace,"
And on this earth may love increase!
Ring merrily, bells, etc.

4. So in the future as the past,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
It will be, while this world shall last,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
That Christmas coming once a year,
Brings peace, and love, and right good cheer!
Ring merrily, bells, etc.

Old Santa Claus

Gaily

mf

1. Old San - ta Claus sat all a - lone, his pipe up - on his knee, A
2. He had been bus - y as a bee, had stuffed his pack with toys, Had

fun - ny look a - bout his eyes, a fun - ny chap was he; His
gath - ered worlds of odds and ends, his gifts for girls an' boys, Had

queer old cap was twist - ed, torn his wig was all a - wry; He
dolls for girls, and whips for boys, with bar - rows, hors - es, drays, Bur -

sat and mused, as lost in thought, while time went fly - ing by.
eaus an' trunks for Dol - ly's clothes: all these his pack dis - plays.

CHORUS

San - ta Claus, who fears no dan - ger, O - ver all the world a ran - ger,

Ev - 'ry-where a wel - come stran - ger, Speeds a - far on Christ - mas eve.

San - ta Claus, who fears no dan - ger, O - ver all the world a ran - ger,

Ev - 'ry-where a wel - come stran - ger, Speeds a - far on Christ - mas eve!

Christmas Voices

Gaily

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. Voi - ces of the bel - fry height, peal - ing forth your mer - ry chimes,
2. Voi - ces of the Christ - mas day, may your e - choes nev - er cease,

Sound up - on the win - ter night, Mel - o - dies of Christ - mas time;
As the sea - sons pass a - way, Her - ald - ing a world's in - crease.

cresc.

As of old, the Yule-log bring, Bind the hol-ly round the hall;
Thro the mys-ter-ies of years, Stands a-lone the truth Di-vine

cresc. *dim.*

At the gate the min-strels sing, Mes-sa-ges of peace to all;
Thro the clouds of dark-est fears, Star-light, will it ev-er shine;

mf

Voi-ces of the bel-fry height, peal-ing forth your mer-ry chimes,

Sound up-on the win-ter night, Mel-o-dies of

cresc. e rit.

Christ-mas times, Mel-o-dies of Christ-mas times.

O Thou Joyful Day

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B. M. SMUCKER

Slowly

cresc.

p

1. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful
 2. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful
 3. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful

dim.

p

Christ-mas - tide! O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day,
 Christ-mas - tide! O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day,
 Christ-mas - tide! O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day,

cresc.

dim.

Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas - tide! Earth's hopes a - wak - en,
 Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas - tide! Christ's light is beam - ing
 Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas - tide! King of all glo - ry,

cresc.

poco

a

poco

mf

Christ life has tak - en, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side.
 Our souls re - deem - ing, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!
 We bow be - fore Thee, Lauā Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!

Christmas Chimes

Not too Slow

BRINLEY RICHARDS

p

cresc.

dim.

1. What bells are those, so soft and clear, That fall me-lo-dious on my ear?
 2. Child, — they glo-rious ti-dings bring, Those bells their Christmas car-ol sing,

cresc. *dim.*

Say, moth-er say, — the whole night long, E'en in my dreams I heard their song And
Joy — to us, — a child is born, a Son is giv'n, Hail Christmas morn! The

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

wak - ing in the morn-ing time, A - gain I heard their joy - ous chimes,
star - ry hosts that line the sky, Sing "Glo-ry to God, to God on High,"

cresc. *mf*

What bells are those? Say, moth-er, say, What bells are those, say, moth-er say!
"Glo-ry to God, on earth be peace, To men sal - va - tion and re-lease!"

The Christmas Tree

(Der Tannenbaum)

German Song

Joyfully

1. O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ - mas-tree, how faith - ful are thy
2. O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ - mas-tree, thy leaves teach me a

leaves; — You bloom with sum-mer's fair-est rose, And in the win - ter's
les - son; For they give hope and con-stant-cy Give strength and cour - age

bit-ter snows; O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ-mas-tree, how faith-ful are thy leaves!
un-to me; O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ-mas-tree, thy leaves teach me a lesson!

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Joyfully
mf

F. MENDELSSOHN

cresc.

mf

1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and
2. Christ by high-est Heav'n a-dored; Christ the ev-er-last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the Heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Righteousness Light and life to

cresc.

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise
hold him come, Off-spring of the fav-ored one. Veil'd in flesh, the God-head see;
all he brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo-ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty: Pleased as man, with men to dwell, Je-sus our Im-
Born that man no more may die. Born to raise the Sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem!" man-u-ell Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King."
se- cond birth.

SONGS OF NATURE

It is not until the advanced stage of their school days that children imbibe any appreciable amount of knowledge regarding the forces of nature which are daily at work around them, and therefore the instruction which will come to them through this little group of nature songs, though worded in a fanciful way, cannot be other than helpful and elevating. There are songs of the stars, the sun, the winds, the snow, the moon and the trees, all with skillful lyrics which paint pretty word-pictures of these forces of nature which do their appointed tasks silently but surely each day.

The Golden Sun

JOHANN STRAUSS

Waltz time

mf

1. The gold - en sun sinks in the west, the
2. Now dim - ly through the mis - ty blue, the

moun - tain tops re - tain his beams; The
stars are peep - ing, one by one, Il -

pa - rent bird flies to her nest, The
lum - ing ev - 'ry drop of dew, That

fire - fly through the val - ley streams. The
just has trem - bled in the sun; The

cresc. *cresc.*

whip - poor - will be - gins his lay, And ro - sy
 night - bird spreads his heav - y wings, And' hov - ers

mf

twi - light paints the sky, While creep - ing on with
 o'er the si - lent dell; The night - in - gale her

cresc. *dim.*

man - tle grey, And noise - less step night dims the eye.
 ves - per sings, And na - ture bids the day fare - well.

Which Way Does the Wind Blow?

Lively

mf

1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he
 2. O'er wood and o'er val - ley, And o - ver the

go? He rides o'er the wa - ter, And o - ver the snow.
 height, Where goats can - not tra - verse, He tak - eth his flight.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Moderato

mf

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star; How I won-der what you are,
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up-on,

cresc.

Up a-bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit-tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.

*mf**cresc.**dim.*

Twin-kle, twin-kle lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are!

Song of the Moon

Quietly

German Song

1. Who has a flock of stars up in the sky so high? The
2. Who watch-es o'er us night-ly, when we are all a-sleep? The

*cresc.**dim.*

moon, which sheds its gold-en beams As it goes float-ing-by.
moon, which sheds its gold-en beams Un-til the dawn doth fly.

The North Wind

Slowly

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. When the North wind
2. Coals up - on the

keen - ly blows,
em - bers throw,

Ve - ry red is
For as ev - 'ry

Ba - by's nose,
one - must know,

Ve - ry cold are
We shall have a

Ba - by's toes,
fall - of snow,

cresc.
When the North-winds
When the North-winds

blow - ing.
blow - ing,

When the North-winds
When the North-winds

blow - ing.
blow - ing.

Jack Frost

Gaily

1. See! on the win-dows old Jack Frost has come, the win-ter to stay,
2. Now there'll be skat-ing, there'll be slid-ing on the fro - zen lake,

Is-n't it pret-ty to
And it's old Jack who won't

see how he marks up the win-dows with lace work each day.
let the ice crack when our winter days' pleasure we take.

Silently Falling Snow

Quickly

mf

1. In flakes of a feath-er-y white, 'Tis fall-ing so gent-ly and
2. How spot-less it seems and how pure, I would that my spir-it were

slow; Oh, pleas-ant to me is the sight, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the
so; Then, long as the soul shall en-dure, More bright-ly I'd shine than the

snow;
snow; Snow, snow, snow,— When si-lent-ly fall-ing the

snow; Snow, snow, snow,— When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.

Slowly

Sunset Song

H. G. NAGELI

mf

1. Oh! thou gol-den sun-set, Beau-ti-ful to see,
2. Ev-en when so ti-ny, Ga-zing in the sky,

f *dim.*

Ev - er thy bright gleams will seem glo - rious to me.
No - ble tho'ts came o'er me when e'er you were nigh.

Words Adapted

The Evening Star

Slowly

From "Tannhäuser"

p

O, star of mine — high in — the sky,
Were I a bird — to thee — I'd fly,
To see with thee the heav - en bright,
Where all is glad - ness, And all — is light.

cresc. *dim.*

Each night I gaze on high to see thee,

And to watch thy rad- iant beams,—

cresc.

Ah! my bright vi - sion. From the heav - ens, O

f

stay to watch o - ver me, to

p dim. *pp* *Sra*

watch o'er me.

The Tree

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Not too fast

mf

1. The Tree's ear - ly leaf - buds were burst - ing their brown, Shall I
 2. The Tree bore his blos - soms, and all the birds sung, Shall I
 3. The Tree bore his fruit in the mid - sum - mer glow: Said

take them a - way? said the Frost sweep - ing down, "No, leave them a - lone, Till the
 take them a - way? said the wind as he swung, "No, leave them a - lone, Till the
 the girl, "May I gath - er thy ber - ries now?" "Yes, all thou canst see: Take them

cresc.

blos - soms have grown, "Pray'd the Tree, while he trem - bled from root - let to crown.
 ber - ries have grown, "Said the Tree, while his leaf — lets qui - ver - ing hung.
 all are for thee Said the Tree, while he bent down his la - den boughs low.

dim.

The Child And The Star

Slowly

p

1. Lit - tle star that shines so bright, Come and peep at me to - night, For I
 2. Lit - tle star! O tell me pray, Where you hide your - self all day? Have you

cresc.

of - ten watch for you In the pret - ty sky so blue.
 got a home like me, And a fa - ther kind to see.

dim.

3. "Little Child! at you I peep
 While you lie so fast asleep;
 But when morn begins to break,
 I my homeward journey take."

4. "For I've many friends on high,
 Living with me in the sky;
 And a loving Father, too,
 Who commands what I'm to do."

SONGS OF OUR COUNTRY

Sir Walter Scott might have penned his wonderful lines in this way:

"Breathes there a child with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said

'This is my own, my native land!'"

This is the sentiment that every child in this great land of ours should have thoroughly inculcated in his mind and our stirring patriotic songs many of them written in the very stress and turmoil of war itself- are the best means of stirring up patriotism. The most inspiring sight in the world is an assemblage of children singing "The Star Spangled Banner" or in fact anyone of the songs in this book stamped with the seal of patriotism.

Flag Of The Free

March Time

1. Flag of the free, Fair - est to see!
2. Flag of the brave, Long may it wave,

Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war, —
Cho - sen of God while his might we a - dore, In

Ban - ner so bright, — with star - ry light,
Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man,

Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore.
Sym - bol of right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

mf *cresc.*

Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave,
Pride of our coun - try hon - or'd a - far,

mf *cresc.*

Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,

CHORUS

mf

While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry,

cresc.

Un - ion and Lib - er - ty one, ev - er more!

The Little Patriot's Salute

March Time

1. Our coun-try, 'tis so grand, you see, Be - cause it's home to you and me.
2. The Stars and Stripes high in the air, Pro - tect our land so bright and fair.

Marching Through Georgia

With Spirit

f
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
2. How the dark-ies shout-ed when they heard the joy - ful sound,

cresc.
Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long;
How the tur - keys gob - bl'd which our com - mis - sa - ry found!

ff
Sing it as we used to sing it fif - ty thousand strong,
How the sweet po-ta-toes ev-en start-ed from the ground, While we were marching thro

ff
Geor - gia, Hur - rah! Hur-rah! we bring the Ju - bi - lee! Hur-

cresc.
rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free! So we sang the chorus from At-

lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.

Our Flag is There

Firmly

mf

1. Our - flag is there, our - flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huz-zas, Our -
2. That - flag withstood the - bat-tle's roar; With foemen stout, with foemen brave: Strong

cresc. *dim.* *Fine.*

flag is there; our - flag is there! Be - hold the glo-rious stripes and stars!
hands have sought that - flag to lower, And - found a speed-y wa - t'ry grave.

CHORUS

Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it mast-head high, And,
That flag is known on ev - 'ry shore; The - stand-ard of a gal-lant band A -

f cresc. *ff*

oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev - 'ry eye.
like un-stain'd in peace or war, It - floats o'er free-dom's hap-py land.

Hail, Columbia

Maestoso

J. HOPKINSON

f

1. — Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, — Hail, ye he - roes,
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots rise once more, De - fend your rights, de -
 3. — Sound, — sound the trump of fame, — Let — Wash - ing -

cresc.

Heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's — cause, Who
 fend your shores, Let no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, Let
 ton's great name, Ring thro' the world with loud — ap - plause, Ring

cresc. *f*

fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
 no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, In - vade the shrine where
 thro' the world with loud — ap - plause, Let ev - 'ry clime to

ff *dim.*

war was gone, En - joyed — the — peace your
 sa - cred lies, Of toil — and — blood the
 free - dom dear, — Lis - ten with a

mf

val - or won. Let in - de - pend - ence be — our — boast, —
 well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring peace sin - cere — and — just, In
 joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill with God - like — pow'r, He

mf

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, — Ev - er grate - ful
 Heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice
 Gov - erns in the fear - ful hour, Of hor - rid war or

for — the — prize, — Let its al - tar — reach the skies.
 will — pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of — bond - age fail.
 guides with — ease, The hap - pier times — of — hon - est peace.

CHORUS

f Firm, u - ni - ted let — us — be, *cresc.* Rally - ing 'round our

cresc. lib - er - ty; As a land of — broth - ers — joined,

ff Peace — and — safe - ty we shall find.

The Red, White And Blue

March time

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-lation, And threatened the land to de-
 3. The— star-spangled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it

free, — The — shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A —
 form, — The — ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co —
 wave, — May the wreaths they have wore nev-er with-er, Nor its

world — of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy — man-dates make he-roes as -
 lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm. With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a -
 stars — cease to shine on the brave. May the ser-vice u - ni - ted nev'er

sem - ble, When — Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy —
 round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 sev - er But — hold to their col - ors so true, The —

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When
 flag float-ing proud-ly be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. The
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three

CHORUS

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borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy—
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The—

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag float - ing proud - ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Joyously

America

SAMUEL F. SMITH

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
 4. Our fath - ers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy wood and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side, Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Not too Slowly

f *cresc.*

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y

dim. *f*

hail'd at the twi-ght's last gleaming! Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous
 host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing

cresc. *mf*

fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gal-lant-ly streaming; And the rock-ets' red
 steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the

cresc.

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
 gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo-ry re-lect-ed now shines in the

f *cresc.*

there. Oh! say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave, O'er the
 stream.

land of the free, and the home of the brave!

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more!
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
4. Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
 Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n
 rescued land,
 Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved
 us a nation;
 Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

Slowly

Our Land, O Lord

MICHAEL HAYDN

1. Our land, O Lord, with song of praise, Shall in thy
 2. Thy sure de-fence thro' na-tions round, Hath spread our
 3. In deep dis-tress a pa-triot land, Im plored thy

dim.

strength re-joice, And blessed with thy sal-
 coun-try's name, And all her hum-ble
 pow'r to save, For lib-er-ty they

cresc.

va-tion raise, To heav'n a cheer-ful voice.
 ef-forts crowned, With free-dom and with fame.
 pray'd thy hand, The time-ly bless-ings gave.

Yankee Doodle

Lively

f

1. Oh, fath'r and I went down to camp A - long with Cap-tain Good-'in' And
 2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squi-re Da - vid, And
 3. And there was Cap-tain Wash - ing-ton, Up - on a slap-ping stal - lion, A -

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'
 what they wast-ed ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
 giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.

CHORUS

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, — Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

4. And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemina.
5. And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
6. And ev'ry time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knock'd up on't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

FOLK SONGS

The folksongs of a nation are by far the most important of its musical writings, because they contain the melodies which are the people's choice, wedded to poems whose sentiments strike deepest into their hearts and sensibilities. Every child should be made acquainted with some of these songs, of which only a few of the most representative are presented here. The sentiments of folksongs are always of the purest character, and as such they are never to be classed with the "popular" songs of the day. This type of song survives only for the moment, but the folksongs of a nation live in the hearts of the people from generation to generation.

Killarney

Moderato

Irish Folk Song

1. By Kil - lar - ney's — lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and —
 2. In - nis - fal - len's — ru - ined shrine May sug - gest a —
 3. No place else can — charm the eye With such bright and —

wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and — wood - land dells,
 pass - ing sigh, But man's faith can — ne'er de - cline,
 va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that — you pass by,

Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays;
 Such God's won - ders float - ing by;
 Ver - dure broid - ers or be - sprints;

mf *cresc.*

Bount - eous na - ture	loves all lands,	Beau - ty wan - ders -
Cas - tle Lough and	Gle - na Bay,	Moun - tains Tore, and -
Vir - gin there the	green grass grows,	Ev - 'ry morn springs

ev - 'ry - where,	Foot - prints leaves on	man - y strands, -
Ea - gles' Nest,	Still at Mu - cross	you must pray, -
na - tal - day,	Bright - hued ber - ries	daff the snows, -

rall. e cresc. *dim.* *pp a tempo*

But her home is —	sure - ly — there.	An - gels fold their
Tho' the monks are —	now at — rest.	An - gels won - der
Smil - ing win - ter's —	frown a - way.	An - gels, of - ten

wings and rest	In that E - den	of — the — west,
not that man	There would fain pro -	long life's span,
paus - ing there,	Doubt if E - den	were more fair,

cresc. *f*

Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,	Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,	Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,	Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

The Scarlet Sarafan

Russian Folk Song

Not too slow

p

Sew not, O my moth-er—dear, on the red — Sa-ra - fan, —

Use-less would thy la-bor be, so use not up thy strength, Daugh-ter, come and

sit thee here— by my side — Youth re-turns no more dear, when

once it's gone from you. Gai-ly you must sing, dear, just like the lark in

May;— Laugh and dance and leap, dear, for that is soon gone by.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the vocal melody. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal part is a single melodic line. The score is written in a standard musical notation style with notes, rests, and bar lines.

Then there come the years when joy and glad-ness fly

And un-wel-come wrin - kles deck the fa - ded cheeks, And un-wel-come

wrin - kles deck the fa - ded cheeks. Once I sang a glad song

laughed and danced and leap'd; Stiff are now my limbs and un - cer-tain are my

feet. *mf* On the sa-ra - fan to sew fills me with mem - o - ries, —

And if I but see you dance, I feel quite young a - gain.

Santa Lucia

Pronounced (Lu-ché-a)

Moderato

Italian Folk Song

mf

1. Calm o'er the o - cean blue Moon-light is shin - ing
2. While from the blue ex - panse Fair stars are gleam - ing

And with its sil - ver light Stray cloud is lin - ing,
O - ver the night be - neath, In sweet - ness beam - ing.

f

Come pret - ty mai - den, look from thy lat - tice, love,
As o'er the stream we glide, borne by the roll - ing tide,

dim.

List to the boat - men Chant - ing and row - ing.
San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a.

Dixie Land

SOUTHERN FOLK SONG

Lively

mf

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
In Dix - ie - land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one

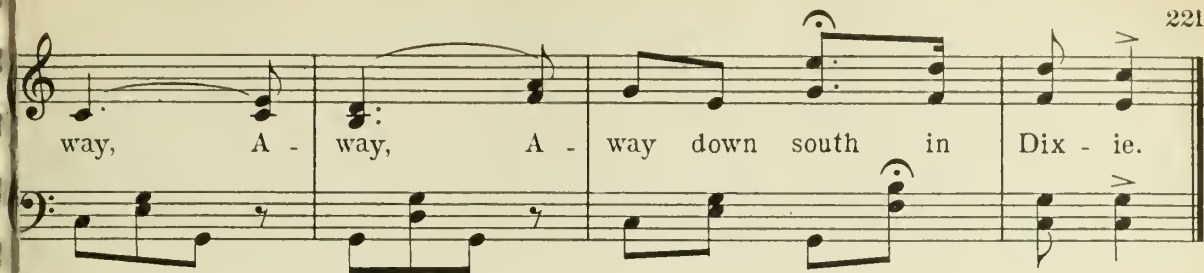
*cresc.**f**dim.*

not for - got - ten, fros - ty morn - ing, Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In

Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix - ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -



way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

How Can I Leave Thee!

(Treue Liebe)

GERMAN FOLK SONG

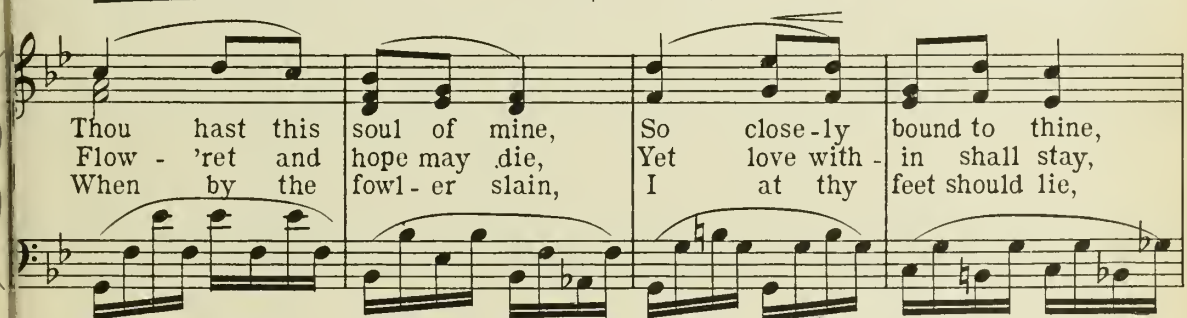
Andante



1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part!
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not,"
 3. Would I a bird — were! Soon at thy side to be,



cresc. Thou on - ly hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve;
 Wear it up - on thy heart, And think of me.
 Fal - con nor hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee.



Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly bound to thine,
 Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with - in shall stay,
 When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy feet should lie,



dim. No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
 Thou sad - ly should'st com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

The Loreley

Andante

GERMAN FOLK SONG

mf

1. I know not what spell is en-chant-ing, That makes me sad-ly in-
 2. The fair-est maid is re-clin-ing, In daz-zling beau-ty
 3. The boat-man in—his bo-som, Feels pain-ful long-ings

mf

clined, An old strange leg-end is haunt-ing, And
 there, Her gild-ed rai-ment is shin-ing, She
 stir, He sees not dan-ger be-fore him, But

will not leave—my mind; The day-light slow-ly is
 combs her gold-en hair; With gold-en comb she's
 ga-zes up at her; The wa-ters sure must

cresc. *dim.*

go-ing, And calm-ly flows—the Rhine, The
 comb-ing, And as she combs she sings, Her
 swal-low, The boat and him—ere long, And

cresc. *dim.*

moun-tain's peak is glow-ing, In eve-ning's mel-low shine.—
 song—a-midst the gloam-ing, A weird en-chant-ment brings.—
 thus—is seen the pow-er, Of cru-el Lor-e-ley's song.—

Last Night

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Andante con moto

NORWEGIAN FOLK SONG

p

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was
 2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by

still, It sang in the gold - en moon - light, From
 - night, I wake and I would you were here, love, And

rit. *mf*

out the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so gent -
 tears are blind - ing my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime -

ly; I look'd on the dream - ing dew, And oh! the
 tree; The wind is float - ing through, And oh! the

rit. et dim.

bird, my dar - ling, was sing - ing, sing - ing of you of you.
 night, my dar - ling, is sigh - ing, sigh - ing of you of you.

The Blue Bells Of Scotland

SCOTTISH FOLK SONG

Moderato

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
 2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your

cresc. *dim.*
 High-land laddie gone? He's gone with stream-ing banners, Where no-ble deeds are done, And it's
 High-land laddie dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's

f *dim.* *cresc.*
 oh! in my heart, I — wish him safe at home. He's gone with stream-ing ban-ners, Where
 oh! in my heart, I — lo'e my lad-die well. He dwelt in bon - nie Scot-land, Where

dim. *f* *dim.*
 no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I — wish him safe at home
 blooms the sweet blue-bell, And it's oh! in my heart I — lo'e my lad-die well.

3. What clothes, in what clothes
 Is your Highland laddie clad?
 What clothes, in what clothes
 Is your Highland laddie clad?
 His bonnet's Saxon green
 And his waistcoat is of plaid,
 And it's oh! in my heart
 That I lo'e my Highland lad.

4. Suppose, and suppose
 That your Highland lad should die?
 Suppose, and suppose
 That your Highland lad should die?
 The bagpipes shall play o'er him,
 And I'd lay me down and cry,
 And it's oh! in my heart,
 That I wish he may not die.

Of all the songs of childhood which we may hear again later in life, the nursery rhymes and jingles are most fraught with pleasant recollections, for they revive the days when a loving mother taught them to us — magic days when "Little Jack Horner" and "Little Miss Muffit" were real live beings in our minds. Among the more than three-score songs in this section of Songs the Children Love to Sing" will be found everyone's favorite jingles, the entire series including something from the childlore of almost every country.

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

Lively

f *p*

Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,

One for my master, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

The musical score for "Baa! Baa! Black Sheep" is written for piano in 2/4 time. It features a lively tempo. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The score includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full, One for my master, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane."

Christmas Day In The Morning

Not too fast

mf

1. Dame, get up — and bake your pies, Bake your pies, bake your pies; —
2. Dame, what makes your ducks to die, Ducks to die, ducks to die? Their

Dame, get up — and bake your pies, On Christ-mas day in the morn-ing.
wings are cut, — they can - not fly, On Christ-mas day in the morn-ing.

The musical score for "Christmas Day In The Morning" is written for piano in 6/8 time. It features a tempo of "Not too fast". The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The score includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "1. Dame, get up — and bake your pies, Bake your pies, bake your pies; — 2. Dame, what makes your ducks to die, Ducks to die, ducks to die? Their Dame, get up — and bake your pies, On Christ-mas day in the morn-ing. wings are cut, — they can - not fly, On Christ-mas day in the morn-ing."

Old King Cole

Moderato

mf

The musical score for 'Old King Cole' is presented in five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the initial dynamic is 'mf'.

System 1: The vocal line begins with 'Now Old King Cole, was a merry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords and eighth notes in the left hand.

System 2: The vocal line continues with 'call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

System 3: The vocal line continues with 'ev'-ry fid-dler had a fine fid-dle, And ev'-ry fid-dler had a fine fid-dle, And a'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

System 4: The vocal line continues with 've-ry fine fid-dle had he, And a ve-ry fine fid-dle had he, For'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

System 5 (CHORUS): The vocal line begins with 'Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords and eighth notes in the left hand.

call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three.

Bobby Shafto

Quickly

mf

Bob-by Shaf-to's gone to sea, Sil-ver buck-les on his knee;

He'll come back and mar-ry me, Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-to,

Bob-by Shaf-to's fat and fair, Comb-ing down his yel-low hair;

He's my love for-ev-er-more, Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-to.

Cherries Ripe

Not too fast

f

1. Cher-ries ripe, cher-ries ripe! Who will buy my cher-ries ripe?
 2. Who will buy, who will buy! Then from morn till night I cry,

Ber-ries red! ber-ries red! Who will buy my ber-ries red?
 Up and down, up and down, As I wan-der through the town.

Ripe and ro-sy cher-ries, Fresh and fra-grant ber-ries;
 Who will buy my cher-ries? Who will buy my ber-ries?

Buy and eat, all so sweet, Ber-ries red! Cher-ries ripe,

dim.
 Ver-y fresh and ver-y cheap. Ver-y fresh and ver-y cheap.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are arranged in two columns per system, with the first column corresponding to the treble staff and the second to the bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, often beamed together. The final system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

The Bibabutzemann

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German Song

Lively

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The piano part is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal part is in the same time and key signature. The lyrics are in German and English. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *crese.*, and *dim.*, as well as phrasing slurs and accents.

mf < >

Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butze - mann, in and out and round a - bout, Gay dan - ces

mf

Bi - ba - butze - mann in and out our house. He whirls him - self and twirls him - self and

crese.

flings his bag be - hind him - self, He whirls him - self and twirls him - self and

flings his bag be - hind him - self, Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butze - mann in and out and

dim.

round a - bout, Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butze - mann in and out our house.

Billy Boy

Not too fast

mf

1. Oh, — where have you been, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly

boy? Oh — where — have you been, charm - ing Bil - ly?
 boy? Did she bid you to come in, charm - ing Bil - ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy — of my
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dim - ple in her

life, She's a young - thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.
 chin, She's a young - thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.

Baby Bunting

Gaily

Bye, — Ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing, To

get a lit - tle rab - bit skin, To wrap his Ba - by Bunt - ing in.

Baby Bye, Here's A Fly

Lively

mf

1. Ba - by bye, here's a fly, We will watch him, you and I.
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread!

How he crawls up the walls, Yet he nev - er falls!
That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck!

I be - lieve, with those six legs; You and I could walk on eggs!
I can show you if you choose; Where to look to find his shoes;

There he goes, on his toes, Tick - ling ba - by's nose.
Three small pairs, made of hairs, These he al - ways wears.

The Fairy Ship

Not too fast

mf

1. A ship, a ship a sail - ing, a sail - ing on the sea, — And
 2. The four and twen - ty sai - lors, that stood be - tween the decks, — Were

it was deep - ly la - den, With pret - ty things for me, — There were
 four and twen - ty white mice, With rings a - bout their necks, — The —

cresc.

rai - sins in the eab - in, And — al - monds in the hold; — The
 cap - tain was a duck, a duck, With a jack - et on his back, — And

sails were made of sa - tin, And the mast it was of gold. —
 when this fai - ry ship set sail, The — cap - tain, he said, "Quack". —

Curly Locks

Expressively

p

Cur - ly locks! cur - ly locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine; But

sit on a cush-ion, and sew a fine seam, And feast up-on straw-ber-ries, sugar and cream.

Hot Cross Buns!

Lively

Hot Cross Buns!

Hot Cross Buns!

One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,

Hot Cross Buns!

If you have no daugh-ters,

If you have no daugh-ters,

If you have no daugh-ters, Pray give them to your sons; But if you have none of

these lit-tle elves,

Then you must eat— them—

all your-selves.

Pat - a - Cake

Lively

mf

Pat - a - cake, pat - a - cake, ba - ker's man! That I will mas - ter as
 quick as I can, Prick it, and nick it and mash it with T, And
 there will be plen - ty for ba - by and me, For ba - by and me, for
 ba - by and me, And there will be plen - ty for ba - by and me.

The musical score for 'Pat-a-Cake' is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The tempo is 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Dance A Baby Diddy

Not too fast

mf

1. Dance a ba - by did - dy, — What can mam - my do wid - 'e? —
 2. Dance, my ba - by dear - ie, — Ma will nev - er be wea - ry, —

The musical score for 'Dance A Baby Diddy' is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The tempo is 'Not too fast' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Sit in a lap. give it some pap, And dance a ba-by did-dy.
Fro-lic and play, Now while you may, So dance, my ba-by dear-ie.

Polly, Put The Kettle On

Gaily
mf

Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, we'll all have tea.
mf
Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain.
Su - key, take it off a - gain, they're all gone a - way.

The Little Woman

Lively

mf

1. There was a lit-tle wo-man, as I've heard say, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol;
 2. — And there came a pedlar, whose name was stout, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol;

She went to mar-ket, Her eggs for to sell, Fol, lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol.
 He cut her pet-ti-coats all round a-bout, Fol, lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol,

mf *cresc.*
 She went to mar-ket, all on a mar-ket day, And she fell a-sleep up-on the
 He cut her pet-ti-coats up — to her knees, Which made the — lit - tle wo-man

King's High-way Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.
 shi-ver and freeze, Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.

3. And when this little woman began to wake,
 Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol;
 She began to shiver, and she began to shake
 Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.
 She began to shake, and she began to cry,
 Lawk-a-mercy, this is none of I.
 Fol de rol, de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, .
 Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.

Dickory, Dickory, Dock

Lively

Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The clock struck "one," The mouse ran down; Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry dock.

The musical score for "Dickory, Dickory, Dock" is written for piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures of music with the lyrics "Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The". The second system has four measures of music with the lyrics "clock struck 'one,' The mouse ran down; Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry dock." The music is in 6/8 time and features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and eighth notes.

Yankee Doodle

Lively

1. Yan-kee Doodle came to town, Up - on a lit - tle po - ny, He stuck a fea-ther
2. Yan-kee Doodle is a tune That comes in might-y han - dy, The en - e - my all

cresc.
in, his cap, And called it mac - a - ro - ni. Yan-kee Doo-dle, doo-dle, do,
run a - way, At Yan - kee Doo-dle dan - dy.

cresc.
Yan-kee doo-dle dan - dy; All the las-sies are so smart and sweet as su-gar candy.

The musical score for "Yankee Doodle" is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has five measures of music with two verses of lyrics. The second system has five measures of music with the lyrics "in, his cap, And called it mac - a - ro - ni. Yan-kee Doo-dle, doo-dle, do, run a - way, At Yan - kee Doo-dle dan - dy." The third system has five measures of music with the lyrics "Yan-kee doo-dle dan - dy; All the las-sies are so smart and sweet as su-gar candy." The music is in 2/4 time and features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and eighth notes. The score includes dynamic markings like "cresc." (crescendo) and "cresc." (crescendo).

To Babyland

Lightly

mf

1. How man - y miles to ba - by land? An - y - one can tell;
2. What do they say in ba - by land? Why, the odd - est things;

dim.

Up one flight, to your right; please to ring the bell.
Might as well try to tell what a bird - ie sings.

mf

What do they do in ba - by land? Dream and wake and play;
Who is the queen in ba - by land? Moth - er kind and sweet;

dim.

Laugh and crow, fond - er grow jol - ly times have they.
And her love born a - bove guides the lit - tle feet.

Fiddle - de - dee

Lively

mf

1. Fid - dle - de - dee, Fid - dle - de - dee, The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.
2. Fid - dle - de - dee, Fid - dle - de - dee, The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.

Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar - ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum-ble bee?"
Says the bee, says she, "I'll live un-der your wing, And you'll nev-er know I car-ry a sting."

mf
Fid-dle - de - dee, Fid-dle - de - dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.

Three Blind Mice

Lively

mf
Three blind mice, See how they run! They all ran aft - er the

farm - er's wife; She cut them in two with a carv - ing knife; Did

ev - er you hear such a tale in your life A - bout three blind mice.—

Ding, Dong, Bell

Lively

mf

Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well; Who put her in?
 Lit - tle John- ny Green; Who pull'd her out? Big John Stout.
 What a naugh - ty boy was that, To drown our lit - tle Pus - sy cat!

Taffy Was A Welshman

Lively

1. Taf - fy was a Welsh - man, Taf - fy was a thief,
 2. Then I went to his house, Taf - fy was from home,
 Taf - fy came to my house, And stole a piece of beef.
 I re - turn'd the fa - vor, And stole a mar - row bone.

Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son

241

Lively

mf

Tom, Tom, the pi-per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he run! The
pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him how-ling down the street.

This musical score is for the song 'Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son'. It is written for piano and voice. The tempo is 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Tom, Tom, the pi-per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he run! The pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him how-ling down the street.'

To Market, To Market

Lively

mf

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig; Home a-gain, home a-gain, jig-ge-ty-jig; To
market, to maket, to buy a fag hog; Home a-gain, home a-gain, jig-ge-ty jog.

This musical score is for the song 'To Market, To Market'. It is written for piano and voice. The tempo is 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'To market, to market, to buy a fat pig; Home a-gain, home a-gain, jig-ge-ty-jig; To market, to maket, to buy a fag hog; Home a-gain, home a-gain, jig-ge-ty jog.'

Pease Porridge Hot

Not too fast *cresc.*

dim.

Pease por-ridge hot, pease por-ridge cold, pease por-ridge in the pot nine days old!

This musical score is for the song 'Pease Porridge Hot'. It is written for piano and voice. The tempo is 'Not too fast' and the dynamic is 'cresc.' (crescendo). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Pease por-ridge hot, pease por-ridge cold, pease por-ridge in the pot nine days old!'

The Little Cock Sparrow

Lively
mf

1. A — lit - tle cock spar-row sat on a high tree, A — lit - tle cock sparrow sat
 2. A — bad lit - tle boy with an ar-row and bow, A — bad lit - tle boy with an

on a high tree, A — lit - tle cock spar-row sat on a high tree, And he
 ar - row and bow, A — bad lit - tle boy with an ar - row and bow, De -

chir-rupped, he chir - rupped so mer - ri - ly, } He - chir-rupped, he chir-rupped, he
 ter-mined to shoot the poor bird, don't you know }

chir-rupped, He chirrupped, he — chirrupped, He chirrupped, he chirrupped, He chirrupped, A

lit - tle cock spar-row sat on a high tree, And he chirrupped, he chirrupped so mer-ri-ly.

3. For this little cock sparrow would make a nice stew. 4. "Oh, no," says cock sparrow, "I won't make a stew,"
 And his giblets would make a nice little pie too. And he fluttered his wings and away he flew.

Hark! Hark! The Dogs Do Bark

Gaily

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, Beg-gars are com-ing to town;—

Some in jags, Some in rags, And some in vel - vet gowns;

Some in jags, Some in rags, And some in vel - vet gowns.

Georgie Porgie

Lively

Geor-gie Por-gie, pud-ding and pie, Kiss'd the girls and made them cry;

When the girls came out to play, Geor-gie Por-gie ran a - way

A Little Man

Not too fast

From "Hansel & Gretel"

mf

A ti - ny lit - tle man stands in for - est dim, A cun - ning lit - tle

man - tle he wears on him, Who - can this fig - ure be, stand - ing 'neath a

rit. *a tempo.*

for - est tree, With the man - tle hang - ing down to his knee?

Johnny Had A Little Dog

Lively

mf *f*

Johnny had a lit - tle dog, And Bin - go was his name, sir, B - i - n - g - o go,

B - i - n - g - o go, B - i - n - g - o go, Bin - go was his name, sir.

Goosey Goosey Gander

Lively

mf

Goo - sey, goo - sey gan - der, Whith - er shall I wan - der?

Up-stairs and down-stairs, And in my la-dy's cham-ber; There I met an old man, Who

would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.

The musical score for 'Goosey Goosey Gander' is written for piano in 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Jack Spratt

Lively

f

Jack Spratt could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean; And

so be-twixt them both, you see, They made the plat-ter clean.

The musical score for 'Jack Spratt' is written for piano in 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'f'.

Where Is My Little Dog Gone?

Waltz time

mf

Oh where, oh where is my lit - tle dog gone Oh where, oh where can he be? With his ears cut short and his tail cut long, Oh where, oh where is he?

If All The World Were Paper

Not too fast

mf

If all the world were pa - per, And all the sea were ink And all the trees were bread and cheese, What should we do for drink?

Pop! Goes the Weasel

Not too fast

mf

All a-round the cob-ble's bench The mon-key chased the wea - sel; The

mon-key tho't 'twas all in fun, Pop! goes the wea-sel! I've no time to wait or sigh, No

pa-tience to wait till by and by; Kiss me quick, I'm off, good-bye, Pop! goes the wea-sel.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Lively

Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon; The

lit - tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon..

Humpty Dumpty

Lively

mf

Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Humpty Dump-ty had a great fall,

All the King's hors-es and all the King's men, Could-n't put Humpty to- geth-er a - gain.

There Was A Crooked Man

Lively

f

There was a crook - ed man, and he went a crook-ed mile, He

found a crook-ed sixpence up - on a crook-ed stile: He bought a crook-ed cat, Which

caught a crook-ed mouse, And they all liv'd to- geth-er in a crook-ed lit-tle house.

Sing A Song of Sixpence

249

Lively

mf

1. —
2. The

Sing a song of six-pence, A
King was in the coun-ting house, pock-et full of rye,
Coun-ting out his mon-ey, The

Four-and-twen-ty black-birds Bak'd in a pie;
Queen was in the Par-lor Eat-ing bread and hon-ey, The
When the pie was o-pen'd, The
maid was in the gar-den —

cresc.

birds be-gan to sing,
Hang-ing out the clothes,
Wasn't that a dain-ty dish to
Down came a black-bird and
set be-fore a King?
peck'd off her nose.

Jack and Jill

Allegro

mf

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa-ter;

Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af-ter.

Little Bo-Peep

Moderato

mf

Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,

Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be-hind them.

Little Boy Blue

Moderato

mf

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn,

Where is the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's un-der the hay-cock fast a-sleep,

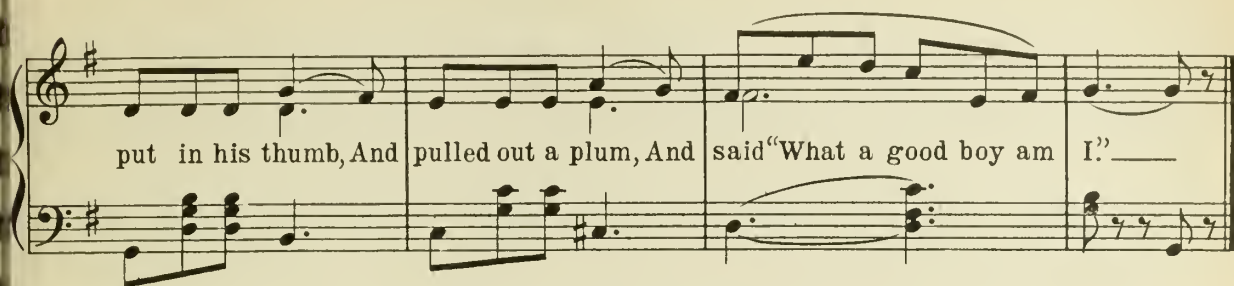
Little Jack Horner

Lively

mf

cresc.

Lit-tle Jack Hor-ner sat in a cor-ner, Eat-ing a Christ-mas pie, — He



put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said "What a good boy am I." —

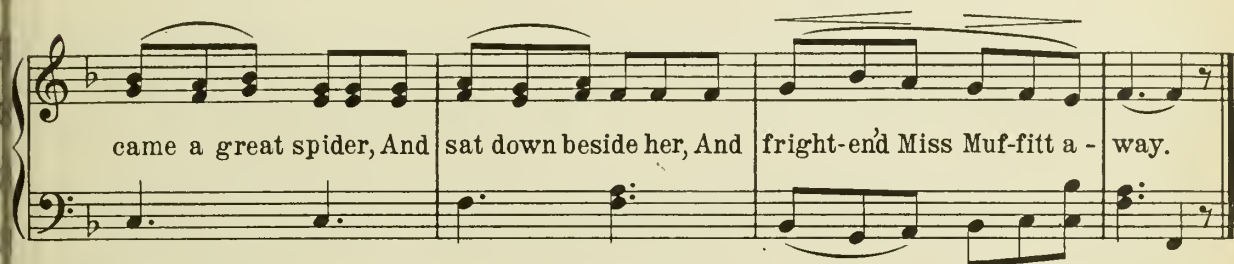
Little Miss Muffitt

Lively

mf



Lit-tle Miss Muf-fitt sat on a tuf-fet, Eat-ing some curds and whey, There

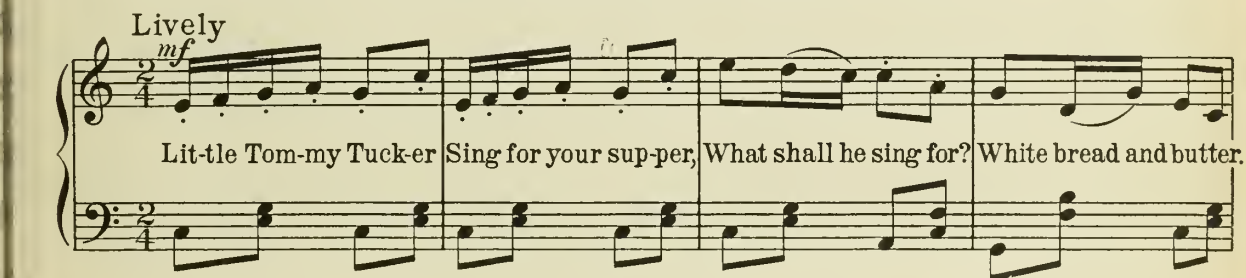


came a great spider, And sat down beside her, And fright-ened Miss Muf-fitt a - way.

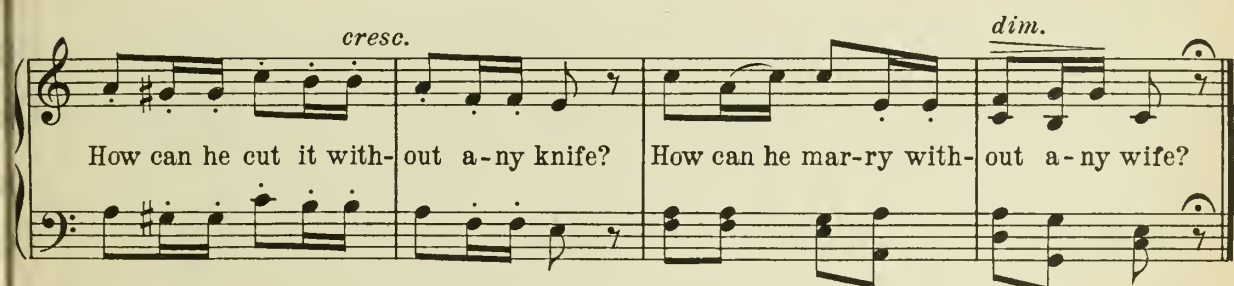
Little Tommy Tucker

Lively

mf



Lit-tle Tom-my Tuck-er Sing for your sup-per, What shall he sing for? White bread and butter.



cresc. How can he cut it with-out a-ny knife? *dim.* How can he mar-ry with-out a-ny wife?

Lucy Locket

Lively

mf

Lu - cy Loc - ket lost her poc - ket, Kit - ty Fish - er found it, But

cresc.

n'er a pen - ny was there in't, Ex - cept the bind - ing round it.

Mary Had A Little Lamb

Andante

mf

1. — Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, —
2. And ev - 'ry_ where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And

Ma - ry had a lit - tle, lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
ev - 'ry_ where that Ma - ry went the lamb was sure to go.

The Man in the Moon

March time

mf

The Man in the Moon came down too soon, And asked his way to

cresc.

Nor-wich; He went by the South, and burnt his mouth, With eat-ing cold plum por-ridge.

Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary

Lively

mf

Mis-tress Ma - ry quite con - tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow? With
cock - le shells, and sil - ver bells, And fair maids all in a row.

Mother, May I Go Out To Swim?

Gaily

mf

"Moth-er, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my dar-ling daughter,

cresc.

Hang your clothes on the hick-o - ry limb, But don't go near the wa - ter!"

Natural History

Lively

mf

1. What are lit-tle boys made of? What are lit-tle boys made of?
2. What are lit-tle girls made of? What are lit-tle girls made of?

cresc. Frogs and snails and pup-py-dog's tails, And that are lit-tle boys made of.
Su-gar and spice and all — that's nice, And that are lit-tle girls made of.
dim.

Simple Simon

Lively

mf

1. Sim-ple Si-mon met a pie-man Go-ing to the fair; Says
2. Says the man to Sim-ple Si-mon, "Do you mean to pay?" Says

Sim-ple Si-mon to the pie-man, "Let me taste your ware!"
Si-mon, "yes, of course I do," And then he ran a-way!

Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat

Lively

mf

Pus-sy-cat, pus-sy-cat, where have you been? I've been to London to visit the Queen.

cresc. *dim.*

Pus-sy-cat, pus-sy-cat, what did you there? I fright-en'd a lit-tle mouse un-der the chair.

This musical score is for the song 'Pus-sy-cat, pus-sy-cat'. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking and ending with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The lyrics are written below the notes.

See - saw, Margery Daw

Lively *mf*

See - saw, Mar-ge - ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter,
He shall have but a pen-ny a day, Be- cause he won't work a- ny fast-er.

This musical score is for the song 'See - saw, Margery Daw'. It is marked 'Lively' and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The tempo is 6/8. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Ride A Cock - horse to Banbury Cross

Lively *mf*

Ride a Cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy up- on a white horse,
Rings on her fin-gers, and bells on her toes. She shall have mu-sic wher- e- ver she goes.

This musical score is for the song 'Ride A Cock - horse to Banbury Cross'. It is marked 'Lively' and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The tempo is 6/8. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

A, B, C, Tumble Down D

Lively
mf

A, B, C, tum-ble down D, The cat's in the cup-board and can't see me.

This musical score is for a lively piece in 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'A, B, C, tum-ble down D, The cat's in the cup-board and can't see me.'

Poor Dog Bright

Lively
mf

1. Poor dog cat Bright, Ran off with all his might, Be -
2. Poor cat Fright, Ran off with all her might, Be -

cause the cat was af - ter him, Poor dog Bright.
cause the dog was af - ter her, Poor cat Fright.

This musical score is for a lively piece in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (D# and F#). The tempo is marked 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are: '1. Poor dog cat Bright, Ran off with all his might, Be - 2. Poor cat Fright, Ran off with all her might, Be - cause the cat was af - ter him, Poor dog Bright. cause the dog was af - ter her, Poor cat Fright.'

Six Little Snails

Lively

Six lit-tle snails liv'd in a tree, Johnny threw a big stone, Down came three.

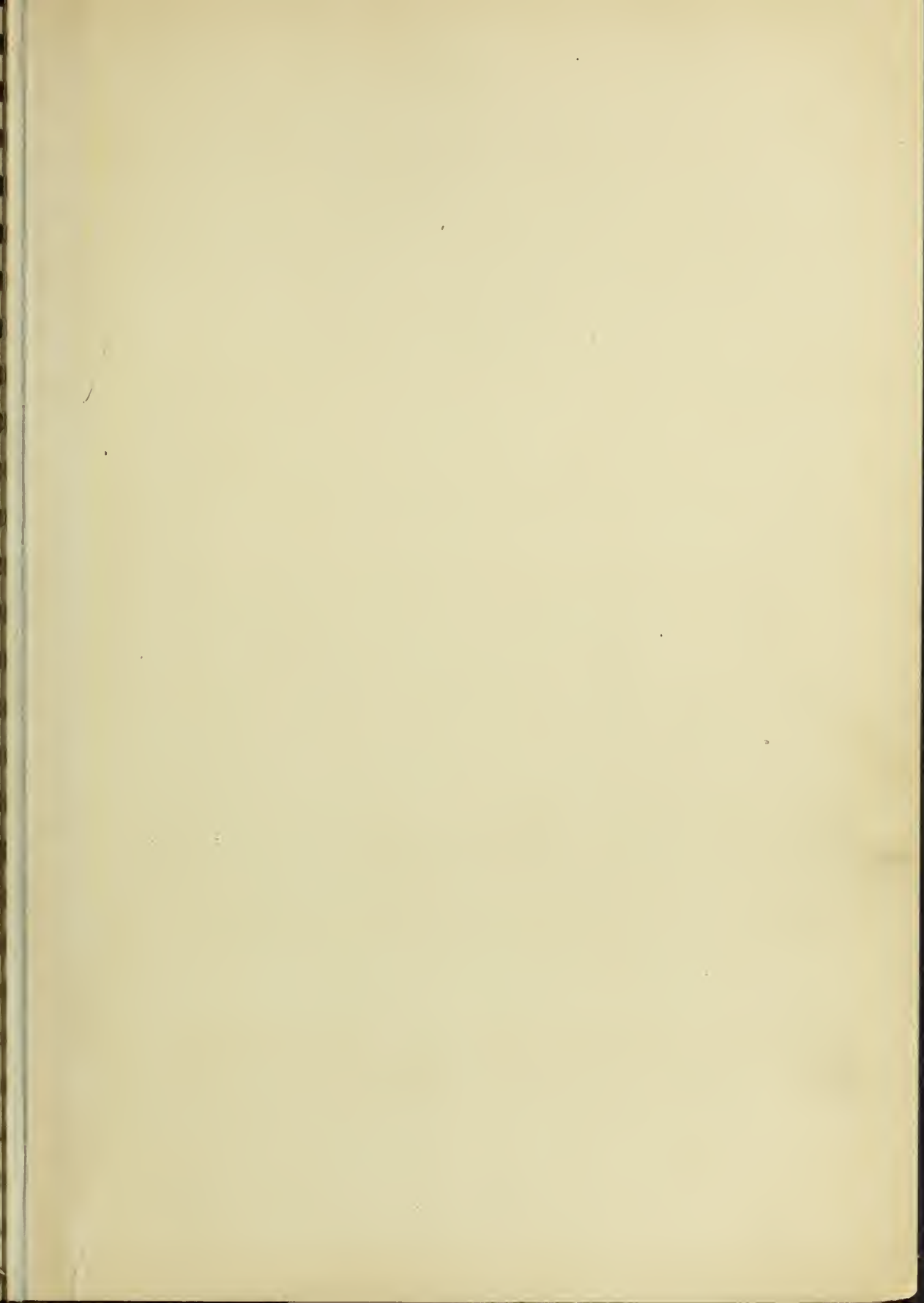
This musical score is for a lively piece in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (D# and F#). The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are: 'Six lit-tle snails liv'd in a tree, Johnny threw a big stone, Down came three.'

Lavender's Blue

Waltz time
mf

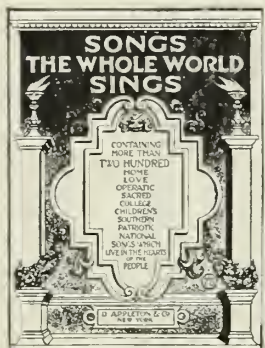
Lav-en-der's blue, diddle, diddle, Lavender's green, When I am King, diddle, diddle, You shall be Queen.

This musical score is for a waltz in 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Waltz time' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'Lav-en-der's blue, diddle, diddle, Lavender's green, When I am King, diddle, diddle, You shall be Queen.'



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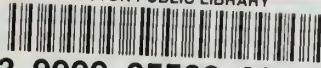
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